



THE

# tattler

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3P15B

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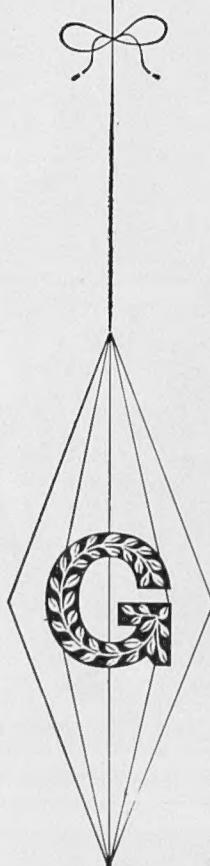
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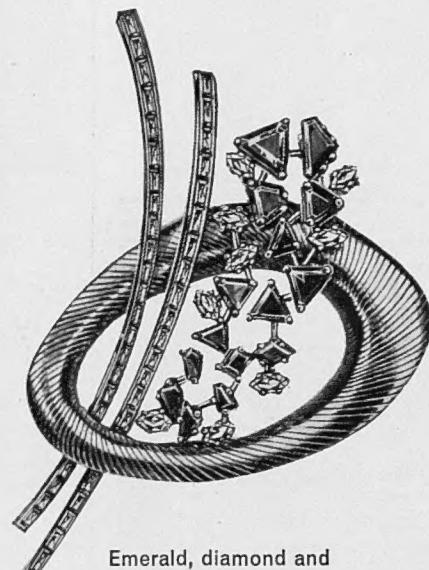
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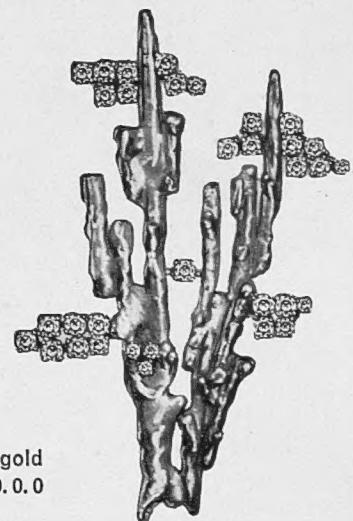
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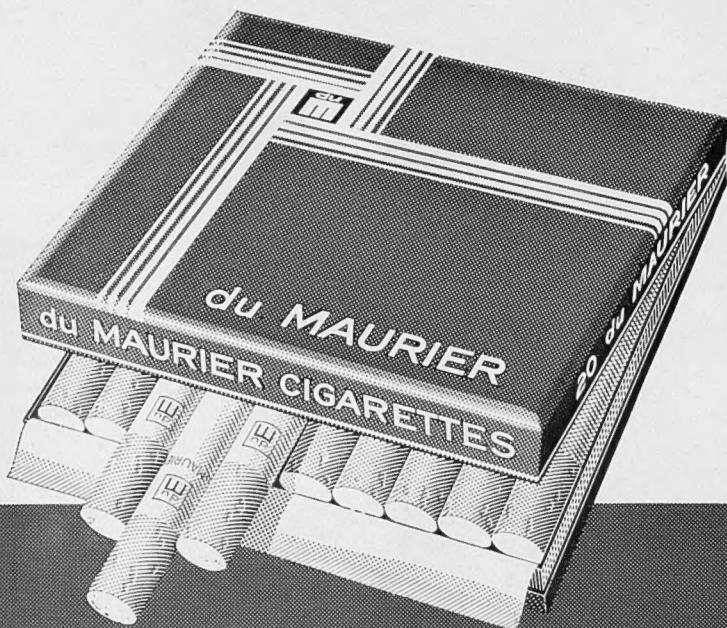
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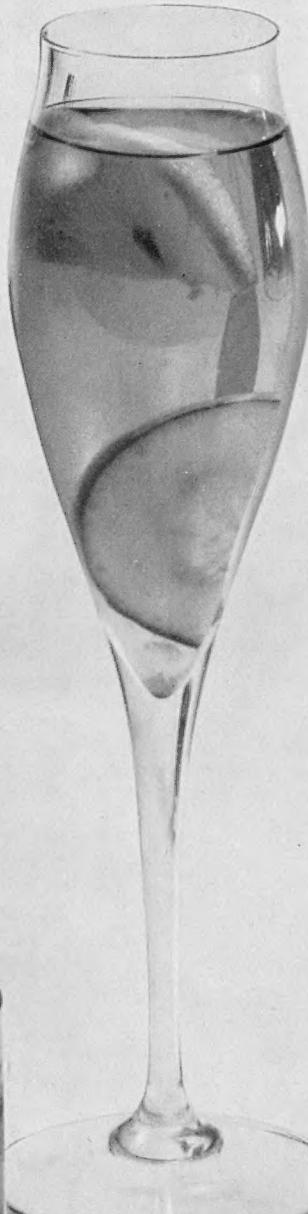
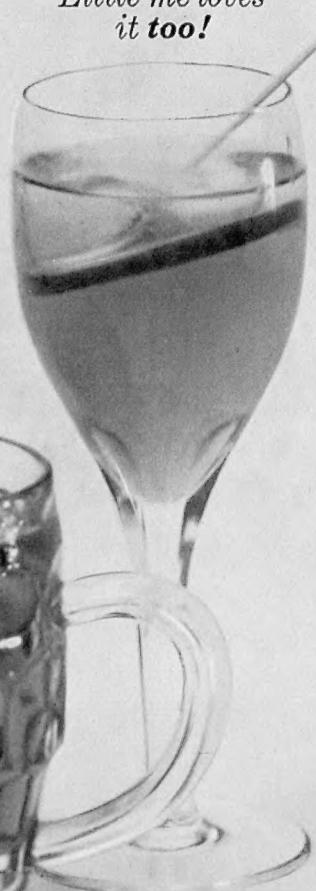
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# THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s 6d WEEKLY

21 NOVEMBER, 1962

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New face on the cover, new face in films, is that of 21-year-old Julie Christie, a this-year graduate of the Central School of Drama who has already appeared in the successful B.B.C. television serial *A For Andromeda* and made two films scheduled for release soon. Her ambition is to become a stage actress and the chances are that she may some day join the growing ranks of young people steadily making a West End theatre reputation. For people already on the way up see Alexander Low's photographic feature In larger lights, page 506 onwards. Vic Singh took the cover picture

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# GOING PLACES

## SOCIAL & SPORTING

**Y.W.C.A. Christmas Fair.** Chelsea Town Hall, today & 22 November.

**Thanksgiving Dinner** of the American Society in London, the Dorchester, 22 November. (Details, Miss Jones, MAY 8888.)

**Swedish Christmas Fair,** Swedish Hall, Harcourt St., Marylebone Rd., 23 November.

**Gala Concert,** 8 p.m., 23 November, Royal Festival Hall, in aid of the Royal College of Nursing, R.P.O. cond. Sir Malcolm Sargent with Moiseiwitsch (piano). (Tickets, 7s. 6d., to 10 gns., from Royal Festival Hall, WAT 3191.)

**Christmas Fair,** May Fair Hotel, 26 November, in aid of the United Appeal for the Blind. Adm. 2s. (Details, AMB 0191, PAD 1677.)

**Christmas Cracker Bazaar.** Chelsea Town Hall, 27, 28 November.

**Royal Society Anniversary Dinner,** the Dorchester, 30 November. (Details, Mr. J. H. Boreham, REG 3335.)

**The Wall Game,** Eton College, 30 November.

**Hunt Balls:** **Albrighton**, Officers Mess, Cosford; **Cotswold**, Witcombe Park; **Aldershot Beagles**, Milland Place, Liphook, 30 November; **Monmouthshire**, Pant-y-Goitre, Abergavenny; **Beaufort**, Bad-

minton; **Warwickshire**, Farnborough Hall; **Eridge**, Elizabethan Barn, Tunbridge Wells, 7 December.

**Stars' Ball,** Grosvenor House, 3 December, in aid of the Stars' Organization for Spastics. (Details, Col. R. M. G. Lloyd, 12 Park Crescent, W.1. MUS 5020.)

**Newmarket December Sales,** 3-7 December.

**Y.M.C.A. Fair,** Chelsea Town Hall, 5 December.

**Gala Matinée of Ballet,** Drury Lane, 6 December, in aid of the Royal Academy of Dancing Building Fund. Margot Fonteyn, Nureyev and guest artists. (Tickets, 10s. 6d. to 5 gns. from Webster & Girling, 211 Baker St., N.W.1. WEL 6666.)

## RACE MEETINGS

**Steeplechasing:** Kempton Park, today & 22; Newbury, Doncaster, 23, 24; Sedgefield, 24; Fontwell Park, 26; Leicester, 26, 27; Haydock Park, 28, 29; Warwick, 29; Windsor, Manchester, 30 November, 1 December.

## SQUASH RACKETS

**Open Championship,** R.A.C., Pall Mall, 26 November, 3 December.

## MUSICAL

**Royal Ballet,** Covent Garden. *Les Sylphides*, *Le Corsaire*, *Persephone*, 7.30 p.m., 21 November; *La Valse*, *The Two Pigeons*, 2.15 p.m., 24 November; *Les Sylphides*, *Napoli*, *Flower Festival at Genzano*, *Raymonda*, *Petrushka*, 7.30 p.m., 26, 28 November; (less *Raymonda*), 2.15 p.m., 1 December. (cov 1066.)

**Covent Garden Opera.** *Le Coq D'Or*, 22, 24, 27, 29 November; *La Traviata*, 23 November; *Tosca*, 30 November. 7.30 p.m.

**Sadler's Wells Opera.** *Carmen*, tonight, 1 December; *The Flying Dutchman* (last perf.); *The*



FALCON STUART

● *The Aristocats*, an undergraduate trad jazz band based on Oxford. Players are Tony Bevir (not shown), Jock Russell, Richard Thompson, Mike James, Ian Gordon (leader) and Miles Kington. Founded three years ago the band, which has deputized for leading British bands at jazz clubs, has now started a series of concerts at public schools

*Mikado*, 24, 30 November, 7.30 p.m.; *Idomeneo*, 7 p.m., 27 November; *Cinderella* (last perf.), 28 November; *A Village Romeo & Juliet* (last perf.) 29 November, 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)

**Royal Festival Hall.** London Mozart Players, 8 p.m., tonight; L.S.O. cond. Pierre Monteux, 8 p.m., 22 November; R.P.O. cond. Sir Malcolm Sargent, 8 p.m., 23 November; Hallé Orchestra, cond. Lawrence Leonard, with Gina Bachauer (piano) 8 p.m., 24 November; Rudi Buchbinder (piano), 3 p.m., 25 November. (WAT 3191.)

## ART

**Jean Arp retrospective exhibition,** Tate Gallery, 24 November-23 December.

**Commonwealth Art Today,** Commonwealth Institute, Kensington High St., to 13 January. (See *Galleries*, page 528.)

**Clarita de Barros and Rosalie de Meric** paintings, Drian Galleries, Porchester Place, Marble Arch, to 30 November. **Georgina Ford**, fabric collages, Centaur Gallery, Portobello Rd., to 30 November.

## EXHIBITIONS

**"The Crafts, 1962,"** Sander-son's Showrooms, Berners St., W.1, to 28 November.

**"Murder In Albemarle Street,"** National Book League, Albemarle St., to 1 December.

**Caravan Exhibition,** Olympia, 28 November—4 December.

## FIRST NIGHTS

**Queen's.** *Vanity Fair*, 27 November.

**Old Vic.** *The Alchemist*, 28 November.

**Haymarket.** *The Tulip Tree*, 29 November.

## BRIGGS by Graham





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GOING  
PLACES  
IN  
PICTURES

Paul Scofield as King Lear, a part he is playing for the first time, at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon. The play is the last of the season and its opening was postponed for two months. Mr. Scofield has just returned from New York where he played *A Man for All Seasons* and this is his first appearance at Stratford since he made his name there between 1946 and '47. With him here is Diana Rigg as Cordelia and Peter Jeffrey as the Duke of Albany. Pat Wallace reviews the play on page 523, and for more about Miss Rigg see New Faces in the Theatre on page 506.

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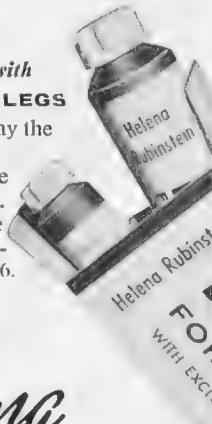
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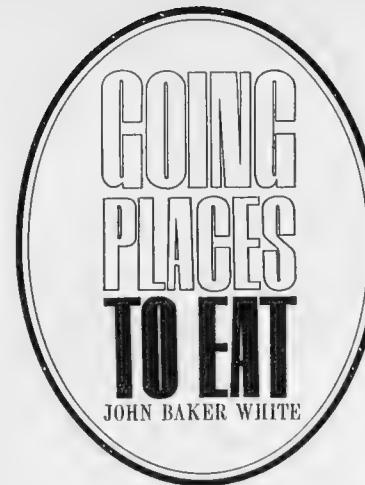
## For the sharp-set

C.S. . . . Closed Sundays

W.B. . . . Wise to book a table

**De Vere Hotel** restaurant, de Vere Gardens. (KNI 0051.) I was glad to be sharp-set for the fine repast they set before me. First a galantine of chicken from a cold table as pretty as a picture. Next, the best *Coq au vin* since the one we ate at Allard in Paris. And to finish, a Stilton cheese in perfect condition. With it all a half bottle of Rosé d'Arbois, for this is one of the few restaurants in London that has, as yet, a good selection of Jura wines on its list.

I did not try the *Terrine de Chef*, which, I am told, is outstanding. He is Spanish, and mighty proud of his *paella*. The room is elegant, amiable and uncrowded, the service deft and friendly. The *table d'hôte* menus seem reasonable—15s. 6d. for luncheon and 17s. 6d. for dinner. **Mermaiden** restaurant, Flemings Hotel, Half Moon Street. (GRO 2964.) A pleasant place for a business luncheon, or a quiet meal. The cooking is good, and covers a wide range of not over-elaborate dishes. I commend particularly the Haddock Monte Carlo—we are apt to forget how good well-cooked smoked haddock can be—and the sweets. There is a sound wine by the glass. For this part of London prices are moderate—the main dishes are



from 9s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.—and you are not kept waiting. W.B.

### Wine notes

"Pikkolo" is the name given to the split-size bottle of Henkell Trocken sparkling wine from Wiesbaden. The firm, who produce over 10½ million bottles of sparkling wine per year, are selling it in Britain at 19s. 6d. per bottle retail. Also on their list are a vintage Brut, a rosé, and a sparkling Burgundy. A Pikkolo makes a pleasant six o'clock "reviver" and it is a good party wine anyhow. A. Massel & Co., of 21 Water Lane, E.C.3, have performed a useful service in compiling a list of books on wine, including those on wine-making. There are no fewer than 230 books on the list, including American, French and German publica-

tions. Massels will send a list free of charge on request.

### France in Devon

I was pleased to hear that the Imperial Hotel, Torquay, is repeating its series of gastronomic weekends, each representing one of the most famous fine eating regions of France, with the patron and chef of a prominent restaurant in charge and wine shippers co-operating. They are as follows:

November 23-26, Le Château Trompette, Bordeaux.  
January 25-28, Hôtel de la Poste, Saint-Seine l'Abbaye.  
February 22-25, L'Auberge de Condé, La Ferte-sous-Juarre.  
March 22-25, Le Restaurant, Angers.

Full details are obtainable on application to the hotel.

... and a reminder

**Octopus**, 7 Beauchamp Place. (KEN 4109.) Eric Lukis sings to his guitar every Thursday evening from 9 p.m.

**Balon's**, 73 Baker Street. (HUN 2301.) One of the best in this part of London and not at all expensive.

**Shorthorn**, Chelsea Cloisters, Sloane Avenue. (KNI 8608.) What the French call classique, specializing in high-quality meat. **Queen's**, Sloane Square. (SLO 4381.) Traditional Italian and good value for money.

**Marynka**, 234 Brompton Road. (KEN 6753.) Small, pleasant decor, and good Polish cooking.

## Cabaret calendar

### Room at the Top (ILF 4455)

Barbara Leigh, star of musical Most Happy Fella; her material includes point numbers, classics and ballads

**Establishment** (GER 1118) The Second City, satirical group from Chicago

**Savoy** (TEM 4343) Richard Hearne, the Two Carmenas and the Savoy Dancers

**Talk of the Town** (REG 5051) Shirley Bassey continues her successful cabaret spot. Plus the spectacular floorshow Fantastico

Tony Fayne (right) is appearing for the first time at The Blue Angel; his witty commentaries on the more bizarre aspects of English life have been put on gramophone records. Also in the cabaret line-up, Noel Harrison and The Southlanders with their twist expert Fay Craig



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## Lakes out of season

JUST FOR ONCE, I WAS IN THE right place at the right time. And feeling rather smug about it. Friends and professional advisers had warned against visiting Switzerland at the end of October. Between seasons... dead... doubtful weather, neither one thing nor the other. Lucky I may have been, but I had already enjoyed five days of clear blue sunshine north of the Alps and now I found myself, south of the Simplon Pass, sitting in a café in Lugano with the temperature well into the 60s and the lake glowing, milky and opalescent, before me. As they sipped their Punt-e-Mes, local residents around me unfurled reassuringly foreign newspapers. When, later, I went on to Bianchi's for lunch, the proprietor told me that he, personally, spent high summer in Montecatini, and not only for the good of his liver. "The crowds . . . !" he said, with a slight shudder. "Now, you see the real Lugano. And at the perfect time of year." Indeed, only the souvenir shops and the day-excursion posters propped up outside travel agents' offices gave any clue to the enormity of the summer season traffic. These lakes attract the Italians because they represent the nearest patch of cool semi-Alpine air. Equally they represent to the Germans, Belgians and Dutch the nearest oasis of sunshine. Yet in the days before a tan was thought

desirable, resorts such as Lugano and Locarno had a strictly winter season, their summers being considered too hot and enervating. And I predict that the wheel of this particular fashion could well come full circle. Rash though it is to be specific about the weather, the vegetation tells its own tale: oranges, lemons and cypresses, oleanders and wild aloes, camellias and winter wistaria, flourish only in a clement climate. And by all of these the shores of Lugano are graced in burgeoning beauty. The city lies at the head of its lake like a baby Naples, the steep hillsides of Castagnola rising Vesuvius-like beside it. The demarcation between Italy and Switzerland is purely political: the landscape, the satin calm, the classic formality of perspective is deliciously languorous, absolutely southern. The lake steamers ply Italian as well as Swiss ports: a brief crossing is to the Italian enclave of Campione and its Casino, as well as Porlezza, staging point for the overland trip by bus to Tremezzo, on the shores of Lake Como, from which there are southward connections to Milan. On briefer trips, a morning and an afternoon apiece, I visited two little resorts of Lugano itself: Gandria and Morcote. Gandria, which I remembered from a summer seven years ago, is a red-roofed village piled up on the northern shores of the lake. Highly picturesque, it is one long



labyrinth of stone steps in every direction. I quailed at the thought of the shoeleather which has polished the cobbles since last I trod them, and cursed myself for not having known better than to wear high heels. Nevertheless, I found again the café I remembered, where they serve white wine in the jug from which, also, you are supposed to drink it. And, more important, a pretty little church with charming rococo frescoes (though time had, I admit, lent a misleading quality to the painting). A rather more profitable trip was that to Morcote, a sub-tropical village on the tip of the peninsula which juts out into the lake.

I arrived there at the unlikely hour of nine in the morning, to see women sluicing their doorsteps and already setting out

the baskets, the copper kettles and the ceramics for the benefit of whatever tourists might pass by. I climbed heaven knows how many more steps (this time properly shod) through arbours of oranges and olives, to see a church which I would now list as a doubtful objective. The view, however, is worth every tread. But the treasure of this little town, for me at any rate, is the Rieder Museum. "Collections of ikons," thus listed in the local guide, was my only clue. M. Rieder, the guide and curator, spent 20 years in Rumania collecting the ikons, furniture and silverware with which he has now furnished an enchanting 14th-century villa. He suggested to me that his collection probably meant little to his native Swiss, who were peasants in the matter of art. The English, he added, saving my presence, were for the most part not much better. I can only say that for those who are interested, this is a treasure of its kind, not least for its unlikely setting, and for the fount of information which M. Rieder is willing to pour forth.

The natural counterpart to Lugano is that other Mecca of the south of Switzerland, Locarno, which lies at the head of Lake Maggiore. They are quite unlike, but the comparison, if it must be pointed, is as between the two sisters in *Gigi*: the one a well-endowed courtesan, the other preferring the qualities of honourable refinement. Locarno has only a quarter the number of summer visitors, but it has by far the superior hotels (in the grillroom of the Palma Hotel, one dines off gold plate—an unlikely experience for most people). Packaged tours are not encouraged, and the whole pace is more leisurely. It is said by impartial observers to have the best winter climate of all the lake resorts, and it is perhaps significant that a greater number of foreigners actually winter there, in apartments as well as hotels, than is the case in Lugano. Swiss hotel standards are high, as also are the prices. But this does mean that one can stay in even the most modest little hostelry and still be clean, reasonably serviced and comfortable. Among the scores of hotels in both cities, I list in the medium price range the Walter in Lugano and the Montaldi in Locarno: both of them are dead-central, and prices are in the region of £2 a night for private bath and breakfast. Often there is a reduction for a stay of three nights or more.

*The church of the Madonna del Sasso high above Lake Maggiore in southern Switzerland*





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THE TATLER  
21 NOVEMBER 1962

# THE INFORMAL PRINCESS



Princess Margaret and the Earl of Snowdon attended the Dockland Settlements Ball at the Savoy. Over the years it has become an increasingly informal occasion, and the Princess wore a short evening dress. With her in the picture is Mrs. Robertson Ward, chairman of the ball. Barbara Vereker reports on page 495 and describes the theme of the ball. More pictures by Desmond O'Neill overleaf

# THE INFORMAL PRINCESS *continued*



Above: *Lady Hargreaves and Mr. John Cope.*  
Left: *Mrs. Diana Barnato Walker.* Right: *the Hon. Mrs. William Watson-Armstrong*



Above: *Mr. Michael Ward Thomas and Mrs. Gavin Don.* Left: *Mr. D. A. Rosay.* Right: *Mrs. John Cope*



Above: *Mr. Roland Mason and Miss A. Farmer.*  
Left: *Miss Carol-Anne Trevor.* Right: *Mrs. S. Schwarzburg-Gunther*

# THE INGENIOUS & THE PRETTY by Barbara Vereker

PRINCESS MARGARET WORE A SHORT EVENING dress when she and the EARL OF SNOWDON attended the annual Dockland Settlements Ball which has become an increasingly informal affair. This year it would have been difficult for the guests to achieve an air of formality anyway, for an optional head-dress competition had induced many of them to turn up looking distinctly surrealist. The head-dresses did not have to express any particular theme so the choice was individual and unlimited. Any professional analysts who may have been present must have been provided with food for thought but the official judge, the HON. JOHN SIDDELEY, evidently operated on the simple and sensible principle of awarding the men's prize to the most ingenious creation and the women's prize to the one which was prettiest. This meant that the young gentleman whose head was surmounted by a partridge in a sizeable pear tree got a first-class trip for two to the Greek Islands, while the lady who wore a vast Edwardian-style hat made of real flowers will be going to Paris to collect a Lanvin Castillo dress.

The lady prizewinner, Mrs. O'GRADY, remarked endearingly that it seemed rather a pity that the dress had not been won by some slim young girl but her husband, CAPTAIN O'GRADY, recalling that it had taken her eight hours to make the head-dress, took the majority view that she thoroughly deserved to win. He must have been a close contestant for the men's prize, for his life-size Guards' bearskin made of real violets (300 bunches and around 7,000 flowers) attracted a lot of attention. Captain O'Grady used to be in the Grenadiers so his bearskin had the white flash of the regiment worked in among the violets, "and if this gets around I'll probably be thrown out of the next regimental reunion. Guards wearing violets! I don't know what I was thinking of . . ."

He later admitted that when he had started constructional work on the head-dress, what he had been thinking of, in a light-hearted way, was the recent appeal by Prince Philip to save the animals. "Save the bears, I said to myself. Now I've been carrying the weight of all those violets on my head I've ceased to care whether the bears are saved or not. As far as I am concerned they can have the bears."

The Dockland Settlements were founded at the turn of the century when slum conditions often meant that for many young people these clubs were the only warm and cheerful places for them to go. Even though living conditions have improved for the majority, the clubs still fulfil the useful function of keeping young people off the streets and providing them with facilities for en-

tertainment and constructive outlets for their energies. Some of those who attended the ball have seen all this for themselves. Miss JUNE ASHLEY, a spectacular blonde who must surely conjure up a precocious wolf-whistle or two when she arrives at the club of which she is vice-president, spoke with enthusiasm of the work which is done. Her attitude to the members is a mixture of affection and realism.

Others present at the ball included MAJOR JOHN WILLS and the HON. MRS. WILLS, LADY HARGREAVES, SIR THOMAS & LADY LUND, Miss ROBINA LUND, Mr. PAUL GETTY, Mrs. JOHN SPENCER CHURCHILL, Mrs. ROBERTSON WARD, Miss SHARMAN DOUGLAS and HIS EXCELLENCY THE PHILIPPINE AMBASSADOR.

## HAT BARGAINS

There were plenty of bargains for everyone at the Flying Angel Fair in aid of the Missions for Seamen. This is an annual event which has an outstandingly friendly atmosphere. One of the chief attractions is always the second-hand bookstall run by Mrs. RENWICK who is librarian at the Mission headquarters. The books, sent in by friends and anonymous donors, range from the collected sermons of obscure Victorian clergymen to the more immediately saleable *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and, one year, the American edition of *Lolita* which was not at that time published in England. This year the stock seemed to be mostly newish novels and biographies at knockdown prices. "There was an unabridged copy of the *Decameron*, I think," said Mrs. Renwick, casting an eye over the stall "but it seems to have been sold already." Mrs. Renwick does not seek the sensational, but if the sensational is offered she will sell it.

Another stall offering bargains was the hat-stall run by Mrs. G. K. BURNES, who has the face and the chic to be able to slap any hat on her head and make it seem like a 30 guinea model. As a matter of fact many of those she was absent-mindedly modelling did cost 30 guineas originally though they were priced on this occasion in shillings. Mrs. Burness found her customers fascinating. "One of them tried on almost every hat on the stall and took each one off saying that she thought it was a little too old for her. I did not know whether to agree with her out of politeness or disagree and hope she took the hat."

A more endearing customer was the old lady who had set her heart on an Indian shawl displayed on the stall run by Mrs. H. L. BOWES. She counted out the cost in such small change that after a while they suggested that she had given them enough. The old lady, however, was not taking any favours from anyone and she went on counting

it out laboriously until she had reached the price that was marked. VISCOUNTESS SIMON, whose husband, VISCOUNT SIMON, opened the fair, had designed an ingenious decor for her Christmas stall, using sound-proofing board for cut-out Christmas trees which she had painted and hung with crystal pendants from an old chandelier. At another stall competitors selected numbered cabins on the plan of a ship in which the winner would be given a weekend trip to Bremerhaven. The stall was run by the HON. MRS. F. A. LEATHERS who was slightly embarrassed when it came to the draw to find that the ticket picked by COUNTESS JELLINEC was one which had been bought by Mrs. Leathers herself. It later transpired that it had actually been bought by her teenage daughter. "I wonder who she'll want to take to Bremerhaven," Mrs. Leathers said thoughtfully, "I'll have to check on that." Lady Jellicoe, besides drawing the prizes, bought a good deal from the various stalls but had to retire defeated from the hat stall. "I wish there was something that suited me, but there isn't, is there?" Mrs. Burness and assorted spectators had to agree that there wasn't. Lady Jellicoe was presented with a spray of flowers by SOPHIA, four-year-old-daughter of PRINCE & PRINCESS YURKA GALITZINE. Sophia had presented a bouquet at the opening ceremony, too. "She can't understand why she has got to do it twice," said her mother. It was evidently explained satisfactorily for Sophia did it, twice, with perfect composure. Princess Galitzine was running the gardening stall and, with Mrs. MACNAUGHTON SIDEY, was one of the deputy chairmen of the committee which organised the fair. The chairman was Mrs. F. E. HARMER.

## BOOTHBY EBULLIENT

LORD BOOTHBY'S outsize personality went over splendidly at a recent Foyles luncheon given to mark the publication of his book *My Yesterday, Your Tomorrow*. Now that television has brought his Lordship to every fireside his audience knew what to expect, and indeed one lady gave an anticipatory shriek of laughter at the merest hint that he was about to say something outrageous. In fact, allowing for what was referred to several times in other speeches as his "ebullient personality" he spoke for the most part in a comparatively serious and even humble vein, insisting that he was both flattered and awed that two such literary masters as SIR COMPTON MACKENZIE and Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM should be attending a luncheon in his honour. Some of his other friends who were present included EARL ATTLEE, VISCOUNT RADCLIFFE, LORD GLADWYN, SIR GERALD KELLY, Mr. JOHN

CONTINUED ON PAGE 499

# Wenlock Edge to W.1

*The  
Princess  
Royal  
attended  
the  
annual  
dinner  
and  
dance  
of  
the  
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Society  
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London  
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the  
Orchid  
Room  
at  
the  
Dorchester*



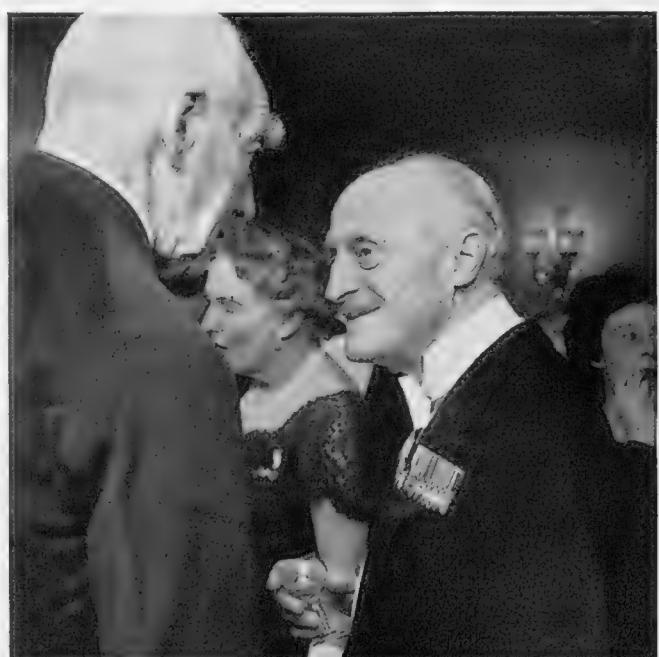
Viscount Boyne, president of the society, and the Princess Royal received the guests



The Countess of Bradford



Viscountess Boyne



Bishop P. M. Herbert and the Earl of Powis



Sir Edward Thompson and his daughter, Jennifer



Brig. J. N. Ritchie and Viscountess Bridgeman



Col. & Mrs. H. de Grey Warter, chairman of the society, and Mr. R. M. Chetwynd-Talbot, deputy-chairman



Mr. & Mrs. Michael Colvin



Viscount & Viscountess Boyne twisting

# Fund-raising angels

*Viscount Simon opened the annual Flying Angel Fair at the London Scottish Regiment's H.Q. in Buckingham Gate. The Fair—which had 20 stalls under the direction of chairman Mrs. F. E. Harmer—is held in aid of the Missions to Seamen which maintains establishments in 80 ports, including four in the Port of London*



Mrs. Robin Gillett, Mrs. Christopher Rawson and Viscount Simon



Mrs. Irene Ashwin-Nayler (centre) and Viscountess Simon. Top: Mrs. Nigel Neilson and Rear-Adm. N. V. Dickinson



Mrs. Robert Rodwell, Miss Fiona Keville, Lady Keville



Mrs. Kenneth Campbell, Mrs. R. J. Cooke-Hurle and Mrs. F. E. Harmer, chairman of the fair



Miss Margaret Wallace, Miss Kim May, Miss Rosemary Leathers



Mrs. Irene Ashwin-Nayler and Mrs. G. K. Burness

# Fire-raising children

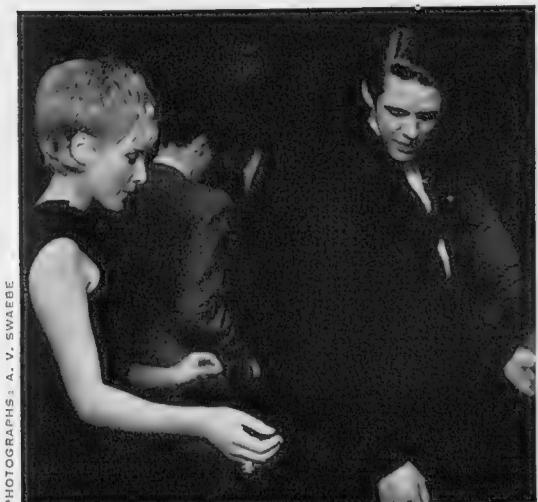
*Children of members of the Hurlingham Club had a traditional bonfire night party organized for them by the club secretary, Captain H. Rump. A torchlight procession, a guy, a huge bonfire and fireworks followed by sausages and baked potatoes for supper ensured they'd remember this particular Fifth of November*



Mrs. S. Courtenay, Christopher and Nicola Cardew and Mrs. Basil Cardew



Miss Anna-Kristina Reed, Mr. Michael Cooper and Miss Catherine Gingold



Miss Elizabeth Counsel and Mr. Robin Cecil-Wright



Mrs. Lorna Byrne and Captain H. Rump who organized the party

continued from page 495

STRACHEY, Mr. EDGAR LUSTGARTEN and Mr. MICHAEL FOOT. The luncheon began with grace said in Gaelic by Lord Boothby, and when what Lord Gladwyn described as the "friends of Bob society" had finished their meal there was a rush to buy the book and get Lord Boothby to sign it.

## HOSPITALS FOR PETS

The English, as PRINCE PHILIP has remarked, have a thing about animals. Happily there were no signs of excessive national whimsy at a recent lunch at the Kennel Club given by the Animal Health Trust with AIR COMMODORE J. A. C. CECIL-WRIGHT as host. He is chairman of the Appeals Committee for Hospitals for Small Animals, a new project inspired by Lord Nuffield who has donated £10,000. The idea is to build a hospital where animals too sick to be adequately treated as "out patients" can be sent by veterinary surgeons for specialist treatment.

The Animal Health Trust was started by DR. W. R. WOOLDRIDGE in 1942 when he was President of the British Veterinary Association. Dr. Wooldridge got the DUKE OF NORFOLK, the DUKE OF BEAUFORT, the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE and many other people interested and within a year the Trust was launched. If the speed with which he worked on that occasion is anything to go by, animal hospitals probably will be springing up all over the country before long. The first is intended primarily for dogs, but they hope to develop a feline side, too. Dr. Wooldridge seemed a little daunted by the prospect of an influx of sick budgerigars but he promised that no animal or bird sent by a vet would be turned away. LADY STANIER was one of those present at the lunch who was enthusiastic about the work of the Animal Health Trust. One of her horses which had a chronic cough diagnosed as incurable was later successfully treated under the scheme.

## A WHITE RUSSIAN NIGHT

The Russian Circle, a group of officer cadets of the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, recently gave a lively dance at the Wellington Manor Country Club at Crowthorne. The group, which has formed its own Russian choir, is not concerned with politics. The purpose of the Russian Circle, which is run by MR. PETER CONSTANTINOFF, a former officer in the White Russian Army and now a senior lecturer at Sandhurst, is to give cadets who are learning the language some idea of the historical and cultural background. It also, presumably, gives them some idea of Russian hospitality, for on the night of the dance the lively Mr. Constantinoff was plying the elder guests with vodka and champagne.

Muriel Bowen is on holiday. She will resume her weekly column later this month.

# STARRED AND STRIPED



Mrs. Hugh Gaitskell helped open the Bazaar



Mrs. F. M. Dwiggins, first vice-president of the Bazaar



Mrs. David Bruce, wife of the American Ambassador,  
and T.W.A. hostess Miss Jackie Carter



The Mayor & Mayoress of Paddington, Councillor  
and Mrs. Denis McNair

# BAZAAR

*The Fifth annual Grand Bazaar, organized by the American Women's Club, was held at the May Fair Hotel. It was opened by Mrs. David Bruce, wife of the American Ambassador, and Mrs. Hugh Gaitskell. Proceeds are divided among several charities*



Mrs. Joan Rehm



Mrs. Alan Balfour



Mrs. Charles D. McDaniel, president of the club



Mrs. Pham Huy Ty, wife of a First Secretary at the Vietnam Embassy, and Mrs. J. McNeil-Robertson



Mrs. Valerie Odgers



Mrs. F. Thompson-Schwab

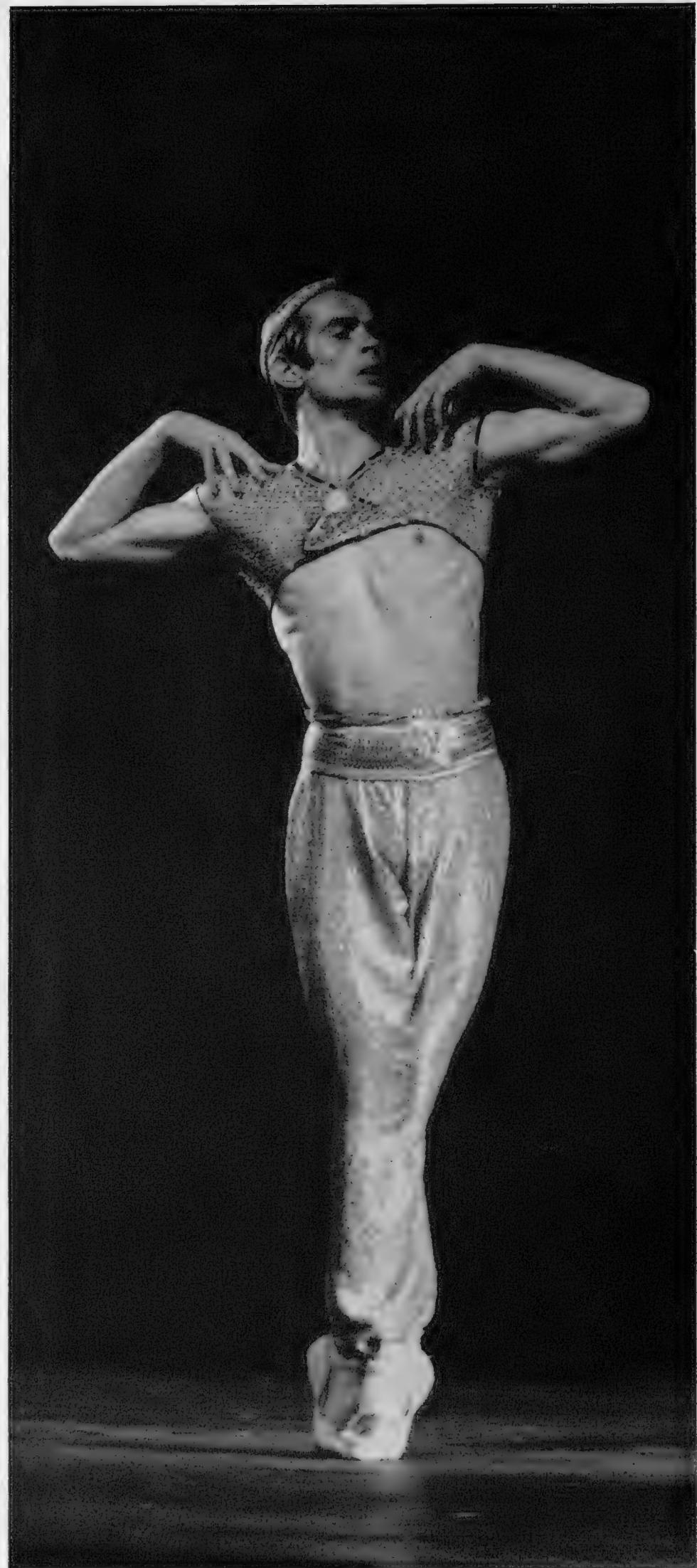


Mrs. Thomas E. Weil, wife of the new United States Consul-General

Mrs. George Drew, wife of Canada's High Commissioner

# THE PERFECT PARTNERSHIP

MARGOT FONTEYN has been the star of the Royal Ballet for over 20 years. Rudolf Nureyev—still billed as a guest artist—has been a top attraction for just over one year. But they have become a partnership to delight the ballet world; a partnership that transcends age, experience and teaching methods. Their latest vehicle is a Petipa pas de deux from *Le Corsaire*, pictured here. It lasts for eight minutes; on the first night the applause—which included flower-throwing—lasted 10 minutes. On 6 December Fonteyn will dance the second act of *Swan Lake* at a gala matinée of ballet at Drury Lane in aid of the Royal Academy of Dancing building fund. On this occasion Yehudi Menuhin will play the solo violin part in the dance of the Queen of Swans. Due to Nureyev's recent foot injury the new ballet *Marguerite and Armand*, created for them by Frederick Ashton with designs by Cecil Beaton has been postponed from December to the new year.





# SUSAN GOES CAREERING

BY MARK BENCE-JONES

**M**EN choose one job and stick to it; girls try a bit of everything. It's the difference between an *à la carte* and a *smörgasbord*. So the ordinary article on jobs, that gives a list of careers for the reader to choose from, may be fine for men, but is pretty well useless for girls. If I were to suggest modelling, typing and dish-washing as three possibilities, 90 per cent of my young female readers would choose modelling. They would probably do some modelling, too, but they would also do some typing and some dish-washing as well. The only useful way of writing about girls' jobs is to show a girl—and her parents—what she's in for. This I will do by giving the saga of a typical girl between coming out, which is, after all, a job in itself, and getting married, which is Woman's Greatest Career. I will call her Susan and to give an impression of the speed with which she changes jobs, I shall use telegraphic language.

**1956.** Susan comes out. 17 May, chosen to model in Berkeley Dress Show at short notice because one of the other girls has chicken pox. 27 August, asked to model in charity dress show in private house in Scotland because one of the other girls has accidentally sat on a skean-dhu. Thinks she has career for life. 3 October, goes to London and starts work as a model. 10 October, puts down her name at agency. 17 November, engaged to model for spring collection of couturier in

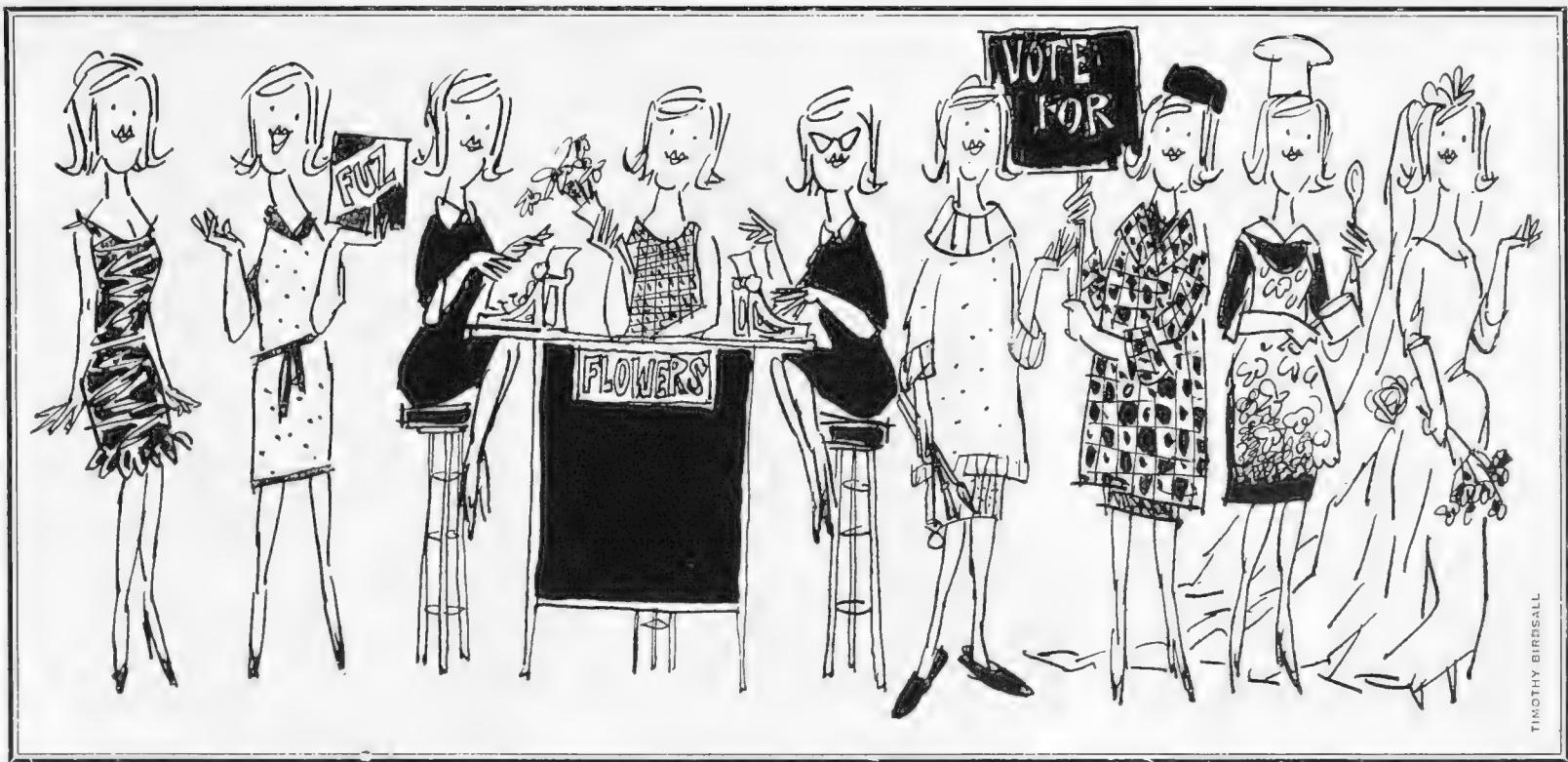
Fulham Road. 29 November, engaged to model for advertisement for struggling brand of deodorant. 16 December, invited to model for artistic photographs. Decides she'd rather not. 23 December, goes home to country and stays there till end of hunting season. Says: "I'm not working any longer, I can't afford to" and nor can she; her father already has an overdraft after her Season.

**1957.** 6 April, Susan starts work at secretarial college in Oxford. 23 May, slightly intoxicated boy friends meeting her there, say: "Let's all go and type" and invade college and start playing cha-cha-cha on typewriters. Susan expelled, but stays at Oxford till after Commem. 8 October, Susan back in London selling flowers at smart hotel. Boy friends flock to see her, have drinks. 14 November, sacked for giving boy friends free buttonholes. 27 November, starts work at secretarial college in London. Says it's horrid, smells of cabbage.

**1958.** 4 March, starts work typing for West End firm. Excellent prospects, good holidays. 9 August, takes holiday. 30 August, decides to spend another month in Portofino, so gives up job. 4 November, broke, but must go to London, so washes up in Chelsea coffee bar. 12 December, sells Christmas cards at Harrods. 24 December, goes home for Christmas.

**1959.** 27 January, starts work at art school, having decided that what she *really* wants to do is to paint. 18 Febru-

ary, master makes her spend whole day on all fours covering sheets of paper with splotches so as to get art out of her system. Susan thinks it's rather clever. 3 March, after ten days of covering sheets of paper with splotches Susan gets bored and leaves. 15 April, becomes receptionist at office. Very convenient as Susan's best friend is also receptionist at another office so they can talk all day on telephone. 25 April, complaint that telephone is always engaged. 6 May, more complaints. 14 May, still more complaints. Sacked. 22 May, Susan washes dishes at restaurant off Brompton Road. 30 June, starts work as secretary to director of real estate company. Director, married man, is very nice to her. 7 July, Susan arrives back late at office after weekend in country. Director couldn't be nicer, doesn't mind. 15 July, arrives back late at office after lunch with boy friend. Director doesn't mind at all. 17 July, director makes a pass at Susan. Susan thinks it's rather a joke, plays him up and tells boy friend about it who also thinks it's rather a joke. 21 July, director takes Susan out. She thinks it's a great joke and costs him a lot of money, knowing he will charge it to expenses anyhow. 23 July, director makes another pass at Susan. Susan says to her friends, "I've got a wonderful job, the only trouble is my boss is a dirty old man." 31 July, director suggests taking Susan for weekend to Le Touquet. Susan decides to leave. 5 August, be-



TIMOTHY BIRSBALL

comes waitress at West London Air Terminal. 24 August, boy friend goes abroad. Susan returns home. 13 October, starts work as assistant at Asprey's. Likes the work, because her boy friends keep coming in to see her. 6 November, somebody tells her that the real reason why they keep coming is not to see her but to be seen going in and out of Asprey's by their friends. 10 November, Susan is beginning to get bored. 20 November, she leaves. 1 December, meets a man who cleans pictures and who takes her on. She feels fully qualified after her period at the art school.

**1960.** 9 January, by mistake she rubs the foot off a full-length portrait by Sir Francis Grant. She says, "Can't we pretend that we've discovered that it's really by Graham Sutherland?" Her boss doesn't think that they can, so she leaves. 3 February, starts work typing for publishers. 10 February, takes part of the morning off to go to the hairdresser. 18 February, does so again. Boss hears about it. 25 February, arrives back at office at 3.30 p.m. at same time as boss, who says jokingly, "I'm almost as late as you are." 12 March, arrives back at office late after lunching with boy friend. Boss says, "You're almost as late as I am." 16 March, arrives back at office late. Warned. 24 March, arrives back at office late. Sacked. 23 April, meets young Conservative M.P. who promises to get her job at Conservative Central Office. 4 May, starts work at

Conservative Central Office. She says, "It's very interesting, one meets all the Conservative bigwigs." 17 May, Susan becomes a Socialist. 26 May, she leaves, feeling it's against her principles to work for Conservatives any longer. She is annoyed because the young M.P. doesn't become a Socialist, too. 2 June, starts work as a waitress in a coffee bar in Chelsea. Becomes a beat. 20 July, meets an actor who says she'd be wonderful on the stage. 1 August, persuades her father to send her to drama school. He, thinking it might be better than being a waitress in a coffee bar, reluctantly agrees. 28 September, starts work at drama school. 19 December, leaves, the principal having said to her: "Your mother's name doesn't happen to be Worthington, does it?"

**1961.** 25 January, Susan starts work as secretary at a hire-purchase company. 18 February, a girl friend who works as a secretary for I.T.A. says she can get Susan in, too. Susan sees herself with a brilliant career on television, particularly after her period at the drama school. 2 March, gives up the hire-purchase company and joins I.T.A. 17 May, being still a typist, with apparently no chance of getting closer to the cameras, she gives up. 8 June, starts work cleaning cars. 1 July, gives up and goes to Portugal to look after children. 19 September, returns to London and starts work as librarian at a lending library. 15 November, sends stuffy dowager a book by D.H. instead of T.E.

Lawrence. 17 November, stuffy dowager rings up to complain. Susan by mistake calls her "sir" on telephone instead of "madam." 18 November, sacked. 21 November, starts work selling Christmas cards at Harrods.

**1962.** 10 January, Susan goes out to be social secretary to wife of Governor in Far East. 14 February, gets names and addresses wrong on invitations to Government House Ball. Invitation meant for Lady Scarlett at the Sports Club goes instead to the Scarlet Lady at the Club Sportif. 18 March, after Scarlet Lady has done Dance of the Seven Veils at Government House Ball, Susan is sent back to England. She is sad, because the A.D.C.s are rather nice. The A.D.C.s are even sadder, because there are not many girls like that out there. 24 April, starts work in advertising agency. 3 May, takes home samples of detergents, soap, air-fresheners, breakfast foods and bath-salts to the other girls in her flat. 2 June, her boss complains. Susan says: "Surely I'm helping to advertise them?" 7 June, sacked. 14 June, starts cooking for small restaurant near Earls Court Station. 27 July, leaves restaurant and gets job cooking for three young bachelors who live together. Pay not so good, but work more enjoyable. 3 October, Susan marries one of the young bachelors. 23 October, on return from honeymoon, husband says to her: "Now I'm married I can't afford a cook any more, so you'll have to go and find a job."

EVERY FEW YEARS THE BRITISH THEATRE THROWS UP A CROP OF FACES THAT THE PUBLIC SUDDENLY RECOGNIZES—THOUGH THEY MAY HAVE BEEN WORKING AWAY UNNOTICED FOR SOME TIME. REMEMBER SEAN KENNY, ALBERT FINNEY, BILLIE WHITELAW AND SHEILA HANCOCK? ON THESE PAGES, ALEX LOW PHOTOGRAPHS A GROUP OF ACTORS, DIRECTORS AND DESIGNERS WHO, AS 1962 DRAWS TO A CLOSE, ARE SEEING THEIR OWN NAMES

# IN LARGER LIGHTS!

**Barry Foster** from Beeston (Nottinghamshire) has had three important parts in the West End this year; in Elaine Dundy's *My Place*, in Christopher Fry's translation of Jean Giraudoux's *Judith*, and in Brecht on Brecht at the Royal Court. He calls himself "mis-educated" as he was trained for a scientific career. He really wanted to write and thought of acting as a bread-&-butter sideline. But he was deeply impressed by his teachers at the Central School of Speech and Drama (he won a scholarship) and made a fine start. After playing in Shakespeare in Ireland and with Bernard Miles at the Royal Exchange in 1953 he left the stage for eight months working as a waiter at the National Liberal Club. He appeared in a few short-lived plays before attracting attention in *Fairy Tales* of New York in 1960. Until his next chance in the West End he survived on TV plays—which included *Oswald* in *Ghosts* and the title role in *Hamlet*. He is married, lives in Putney, has two daughters, Joanna (5) and Miranda (3).



**Maggie Smith** from Ilford is currently appearing in the Peter Shaffer double bill *The Public Eye* and *The Private Ear*. She is an actress for whom success has come easily. A student at the Oxford Playhouse Theatre school, she joined the O.U.D.S. and was spotted in one of their revues by an American impresario who promptly launched her in New York in *New Faces* 1956. She returned to England for another revue, *Share my Lettuce*, with Kenneth Williams, first at the Lyric, Hammersmith, later at the Comedy. Avoiding classification as a revue artist, she took roles at the Old Vic and followed Joan Plowright in Ionesco's *Rhinoceros* with the English Stage Company. Her first West End lead was in *The Rehearsal* by Jean Anouilh. When the Shaffer plays close (they have been going strong since April) she has another comedy lined up, *Mary, Mary* by Jean Kerr. Maggie Smith lives in Kensington, has a dog, likes records and reading.



**Diana Rigg** from Doncaster came walking-on parts at Stratford-upon-Avon at the age of 11. She was an 11-year-old Pudsey bird from which she graduated to schoolgirl when she first thought seriously of acting. Speech training and dancing lessons followed together with a first success as Goldilocks in the school panto. Her first job after R.A.D.A. was as an assistant stage manager at Chesterfield, her next a series of juvenile leads at York. In 1949 Paul Scofield Lear on page 523



**William Gaskill** from Shipley has had two spectacular successes this year producing Brecht's Caucasian Chalk Circle at the Aldwych and Cymbeline at Stratford-on-Avon. An Oxford undergraduate, he left to take a long look at Paris and then spent three years in repertory, starting as an actor in Mansfield and ending as a producer in Whitby. One of his rest jobs was in a mental hospital. At the Royal Court he produced the N. F. Simpson plays, A Resounding Tinkle and One Way Pendulum, also John Osborne's first play (with Anthony Creighton) Epitaph for George Dillon which he produced again in New York. The photograph was taken while working on his last West End production, Infanticide in the House of Fred Ginger, Fred Watson's shocker at the Arts. William Gaskill teaches full-time in three theatre schools and at a youth club in Lambeth





**Patsy Byrne** (above) of Ashford, Kent, took a lead in Brecht's Caucasian Chalk Circle at the Aldwych but feels she won't get a similar opportunity for a long time. "Brecht and Wesker write magnificent character parts for women, but who else does?" she asks. "It's a man's world in the theatre: women only get supporting leads." Being directed in this play by William Gaskill was more good luck she feels: "he makes even the boys who carry spears feel important." She speaks with the same gratitude of her theatre school, the Rose Burford College of Speech & Drama at Sidcup. She was there for three years and, leaving as a blossoming actress and qualified teacher, she joined a travelling company based on her home town. She then spent an uninterrupted five years in repertory playing in about 60 plays "everything from 18 to 80." In Coventry she played her first Wesker, Chicken Soup with Barley, and also in Wycherley's The Country Wife. In due course she arrived at the Royal Court to play in Wesker, Arden and N. F. Simpson, later joining the Royal Shakespeare Company. She lives in Chelsea and spends her free moments working through 19th-century novels—currently Hardy



**Sheila Allen** (here and left) from Somerset, currently visiting London in The Merchant of Venice at the Old Vic has to wait a dozen years for a title part on the London stage. After leaving R.A.D.A. she played a part in Terence Rattigan's Faery Queen at the Royal Court and then went to a seven-year stint in repertory at Stratford-upon-Avon. In 1958 she returned to London and a string of TV roles. It was in 1961 that she began making her mark on the stage with appearances at Stratford East and Hammersmith. A few months ago she took the lead in Strindberg's Playing With Fire at the Aldwych, and hence to the Old Vic. Sheila, who lives near Regent's Park with her baby son (she's seen pushing him in a pram), has cuts



**John Bury** from Aberystwyth has designed five productions for the Royal Shakespeare Company this year, and has been commissioned to design the next cycle of Mystery plays at York. Yet when he was demobilized from

the Navy he had no special interest in the theatre. He became electrician and odd-job man at the Theatre Workshop (his workshop is still in Stratford, E. where the picture was taken)

**Toby Robertson** (below) from Chelsea has produced in the last year Gorki's Lower Depths at the Arts, O'Neill's Touch of the Poet for the Dublin and Venice festivals and Julius Caesar at the Bristol Old Vic. He was a founder-

director of the Elizabethan Theatre Company. The picture shows him directing Touch of the Poet with Billie Whitelaw and Peggy Marshall. Robertson likes to paint his productions in oils





**Clifford Williams** from Cardiff almost improvised the now famous production of *The Comedy of Errors* at Stratford-on-Avon when King Lear had to be postponed. Teacher, producer, dancer, actor, founder of com-

panies and writer, he has just returned from judging theatre festivals in Nairobi and Kenya. With Michel Saint-Denis he directs the Royal Shakespeare Company's experimental studio. Married, he lives in Hampstead

**Ralph Koltai** (below) designer of more than 20 operas and *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*, was a very young refugee in 1939. He used his demobilization grant to study stage design at the Central School of Arts &

Crafts where he teaches and where the photograph was taken. He is now working on a production of *the Brecht-Weil Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny* for Sadler's Wells



HAVE ALWAYS FELT VIOLENTLY OPPOSED to the Eleven-Plus examination. Fortunately, since I am Forty-Plus, I never took it myself, so this conviction cannot be due to subconscious (or conscious) resentment at having failed it. It just seems unfair to me that a child's entire future should be decided—as in fact it is—by a tricky, acrostical test taken at the great age of 10. (Shouldn't it be called the Eleven-Minus, anyway?) An ability to do crossword puzzles, after all, is hardly that important. It is specially unfair, moreover, to the unprecocious, who are a bit slow at 9 or 10 but are destined to be brilliant at 14 or 18. (Would Churchill have passed the Eleven-Plus?) And it devastates those children—of whom there are many—who have very promising minds but who undergo a kind of mental paralysis as soon as *any* examination paper is set before them.

I am all the more opposed to it after spending a few hours with a remarkable and revealing booklet which should immediately be purchased—it's only five bob—by all loving parents with Eleven-Minus children. It is called *The Eleven Plus Home Tutor* and is by Mr. Edgar A. Cox, B.A., who has gone through a great number of Eleven-Plus papers, and now tries, as he puts it, "to give examples of every type of question used." There aren't such a great many, for the examiners, it seems, repeat the same kind of question over and over again: a total of 15 "sample" papers are offered—5 English, 5 General, 5 Arithmetic—together with Mr. Cox's extremely helpful "hints." Parents will be glad to know that the answers are also given—in a special detachable section.

Now the first point is this: I guarantee that children will have twice as good a chance of passing the exam if their parents have spent those five shillings—and then an aggregate of not more than 20 hours going through these sample papers with their offspring, who will thus learn all the tricks (of which there are many). This fact, to my mind, further discredits the system. It is an almost incredible fact that many

schools do not bother to give any such special coaching.

I've had quite a bit of fun doing the papers myself, and let it not be imagined that I always scored full marks. For instance I couldn't see—in the way that can happen to all of us—that FIGFARE is an anagram of giraffe; and I don't see that it matters very much, in the last analysis, either. I made a silly mistake, too, in working out this difficult sum—imagine a child of 10 trying it:

*A householder whose yearly rent is £45 pays £1 2s. 11d. in rates yearly for every £1 of his rent. If he saves £1 every week to pay his rates, how much has he left after paying?*

And then there were many questions

The required answer is . . . well, I leave you to work it out, imagining you are 10 years old. My reply, however, would run something like this: "Don't know. Possibly Z. These men are only suspects and the police may well be mistaken." And here's another:

*A 3½ gallon drum of oil costs £2 14s. 3d. What would be the cost of a 2½ gallon drum?*

I would say here: "Hard to say. Probably about two quid. The less you buy, the dearer it gets per gallon." And again:

*In August a poultry-keeper found that a hundredweight of food lasted his hens for 15 days. In September he had half as many hens again as he had in August. How long will a hundredweight last him in September?*

My reply would be: "At a guess, about 8 days—a chicken needs more grain in September than August."

An intelligent child might well waste 5 precious minutes in trying to decide if taps run, sag, thaw, freeze, or drip in cold weather. The correct answer is freeze. But do taps freeze? Or is it the water in the pipes? For my money, run is a better answer. I desist from wondering how many 10-year-olds know the feminine form of sultan, though I suppose some of them can divide 72012 by 17, or express £551 5s. in guineas, or multiply £2 7s. 4d. by 23.

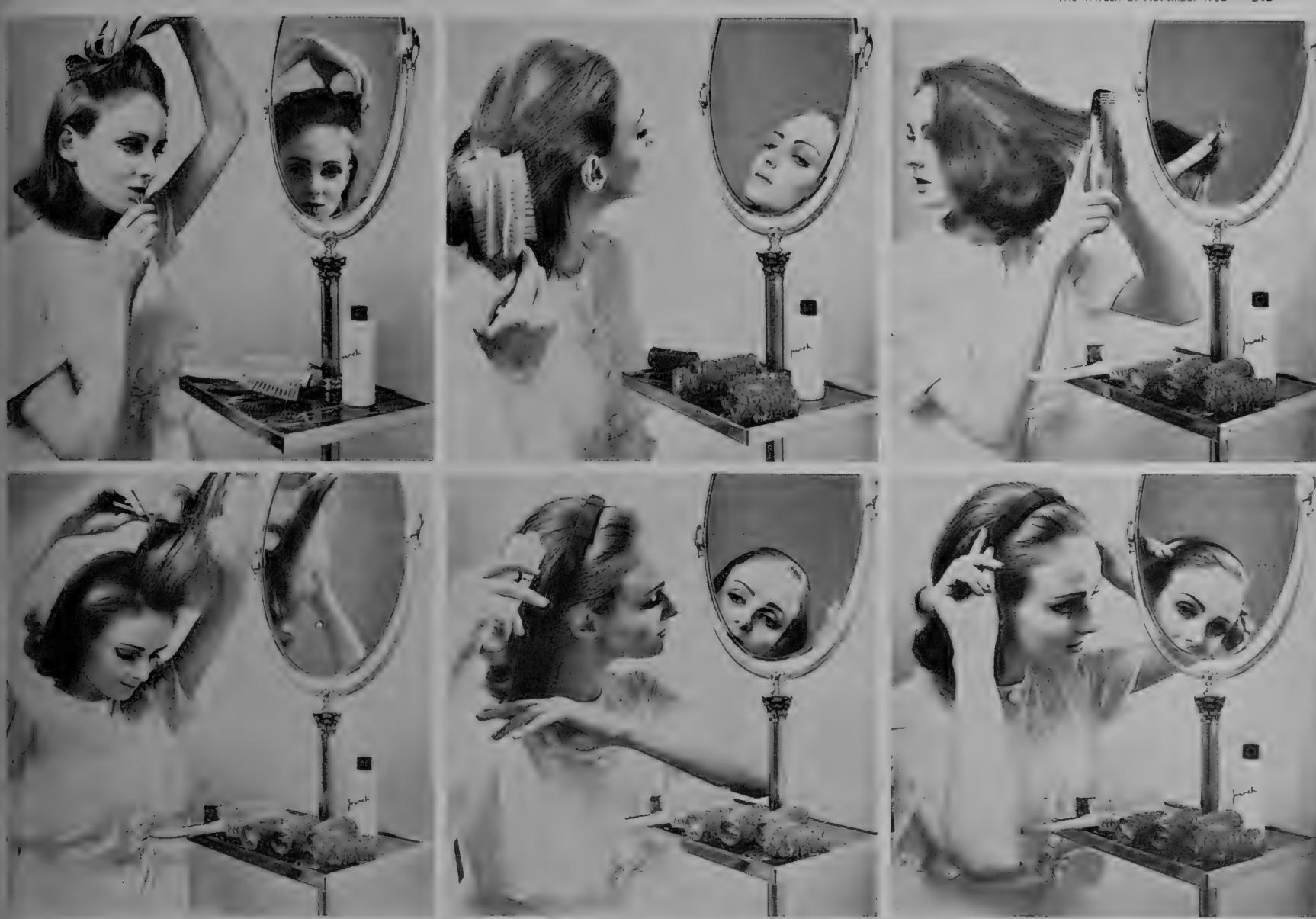
The London County Council have happily made it clear that they would like to see the end of this devilish system. This, I'm sure, is not because so many of the questions are far easier for country children than for their city cousins. (Everyone in rural regions knows that a cow lives in a byre and a badger in a sett, to give only one example; how general is this knowledge in S.W.11?) It is rather that it is hoped that all their schools, eventually, will be comprehensive. Meantime, if you have children aged anything from 8 to Eleven-Minus, for heaven's sake get hold of the *Home Tutor*. And I strongly advise you, if you want to keep your self-respect, to spend a couple of hours checking the answers before you try it on the kids.

# Lord Kilbracken THOSE 11-PLUS NON-PLUSSEERS

to which I saw quite clearly the answers which were *expected*, but strongly disagreed with them. Here is one of them:

*The police know that the man who stole the diamonds was dark, well-dressed, left-handed, smoked a pipe and wore a signet ring. The suspects are A, B, C, D, E, F.*

*All are smokers. E is shabby and left-handed. A and B smoke cigarettes only. Only A, C and D wear rings. A, C and E are dark. D is right-handed. Who is the thief?*



**O**VERTIME put in at a mirror is the next best thing to actually having the hairdresser, the beautician, the masseuse visit you at home. Winners of awards for polished good looks visit the hairdresser every day, or have him visit them to brush out. For many, time is the vital statistic—no time to get to the hairdresser between visits.

Busyday homework is photographed here on hair that hasn't seen the hairdresser for five days. The girl has that straight, curtainy hair; cut ruler-straight at chin level. Vidal Sassoon clippity clip cuts are so exact they are hardly a millimetre out. The pictures follow through a ritual of rollers, brush and comb. The result is a shining swish that is still good five days after the set. Homework for galas is a made-to-match switch plus your own hair for a fabulous pile-up on top. A nylon kind sold by stores like Selfridges can be used as a framework underneath your own. In the real, silky, expensive class are Rose Evansky's. She can conjure them into all shapes and sizes for winter parties. One of hers costs around £30; match perfect: Raphael & Leonard sell some of the cheapest real hair ones. One from them would cost about £25. Woollands have just started selling hair-pieces from them. In the beauty department is a bar with a cubicle where a girl can be measured up, shown what can be done with the help of one, and cued exactly for colour. Prices start at 25 gns. for a topknot. Get yourself given for Christmas a Raphael & Leonard hat box which will entitle you to go to Woollands and order a switch. Homework set by Elizabeth Arden for Christmas parties is a multiplication of their products in a special six o'clock home treatment kit packed into a pink and gold box. Milky Liquid Cleanser, Skin Tonic, Velva Cream Masque to make a skin smooth for make-up; plus the nice thought of a pink headband to keep every hair out of the way. 19s. 6d. makes it a cheap, beauty-cheering present to give yourself at Christmas. Brass stand, Harrods; négligée, Fortnum & Mason.

## HOMEWORK

GOOD LOOKS  
BY  
**ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON**

PHOTOGRAPHS  
BY  
**BARRY WARNER**



Hair: Aldo Bruno



When the kissing has to stop our girl on the shelf keeps cool and prettily serene in orchid pink boudoir culottes. Tunic top grows to ankle-length culottes in profusely pleated pure silk crystal organza. Worn with a pleated capelet, devoid of décor except for the ribbon tie. To order from Dior Boutique, Conduit Street, W.1. Gens in this feature lent by permission of the Imperial War Museum.

Top rung of the ladder for chic patio and penthouse dressing. Dashing number in Thailand silk designed along the lines of the clothes Honey chose for her dinner date with Dr. No. Sleeveless black mandarin tunic with frog fastening worn with domino check trews. Made to measure from Liberty's Treasure Shop. 29 gns. Gold bracelet and chunky gold ring by Charles de Temple.

When the James Bond heroines of Ian Fleming's novels do wear clothes, we imagine they dress with a lethal elegance and sophistication. Master fashion-spy Elizabeth Dickson tracks down some sure-fire clothes flattery for special occasions—each outfit chosen to recapture some of the feminine intrigue created by Honey, Gala, Solitaire, Tatiana Romanoff and Tiffany Case.

dressed to kill



How to maintain an assured high fashion-status when manoeuvring in difficult circumstances. Girl under the spray wears the romantically hooded coat by Grès in petrol blue mohair with knot at the nape of the neck. Same blue lining in wool for the hood. Single large button at neck and hemline. Sutin at Giprine, 62 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3; County Clothes, Cheltenham; Adrian, Wolverhampton. About 51 gns. Jet brooch, Dior Boutique, 9½ gns. Black leather boots, Gamba.



Triggering off a new evening elegance--the return of the long, vampish dinner gown. Scoop necked and with a beanstalk slender skirt, the white linen dress has a jacket designed of narrow flat pleats and fly-front fastening. Jean Allen, to buy shortly at Derry & Toms, Kensington; Kenneth Kemsley, Nottingham; Chanel, Leeds. 16 gns. Handsome gold bracelet by Charles de Temple.

Looks that score: the  
high fashion stakes  
combination of a white  
ballgown with  
cover-up jacket in  
glinting silver lame.  
Strapless dress in  
draped jersey falls  
in beautiful fluid  
lines from the high  
bosom. Outfit bound  
to cause a sensation  
at any black tie party  
—the evening here  
was spent

at  
Crockfords.

Susan  
Small  
at Hunts of  
Bond  
Street;  
Joan  
Sutherland,  
Ltd.,  
Maidenhead;  
House of  
Mirelle,  
Hull. Gown,  
23 gns.  
Jacket,  
6 gns.  
Gold mesh  
mules.  
Russell  
& Bromley,  
5 gns.





Sumptuous camouflage:  
the youthful, urbane  
fur coat. Champagne  
coloured Indian  
broadtail tailored to  
perfection with  
natural Tourmaline  
mink added for the  
collar and a self-belt  
to tie or leave off  
for nonchalant,  
throw-away dressing.  
Bradleys, 598 gns.

Brown kid gloves,  
Fownes. High heeled  
mock-croc boots laced  
at the sides.  
Rayne, 18 gns.





If looks could kill, the envious female glances directed towards this suit would mean certain death to lucky wearer. Brown and white pebbly check collarless jacket and slightly flared skirt worn with a coffee brown suede overblouse, sans collar and sleeves. Helmet, narrow tie belt and scarf also in suede. Yves St. Laurent at Fortnum & Mason only. Suit, 65 gns.

Helmet, 21 gns. Brown crocodile handbag, Russell & Bromley. Brown kid gloves, Fownes. Gold bracelet, Charles de Temple. Rendezvous at Boulevard Bar, May Fair Hotel.

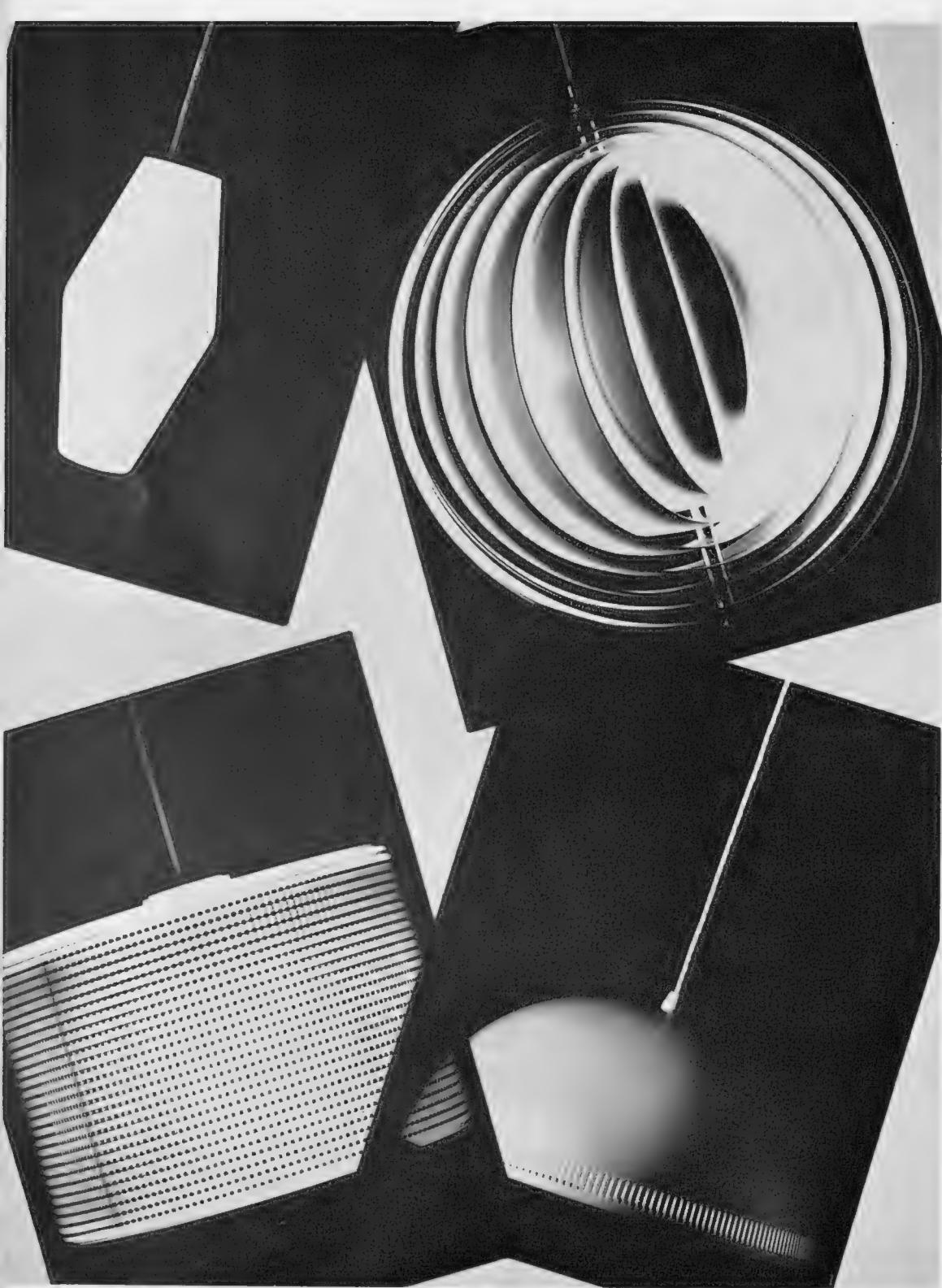
Sybaritic slinky number to wear after six transmits a feminine guile and mystery in any language. Designed from a slice of black crepe with crossover straps in the front caught with a small bow and daring low plunge at the back. Nettie Vogues at Anne Gerrard of Bruton Street, W.l; Henry Burger Fashions, Leeds; Marshall & Snelgrove, Manchester. About 14½ gns. Diamond drop ear-rings by Cartier.



# LIGHTHOUSE

COUNTER  
SPY  
BY  
ELIZABETH  
WILLIAMSON

PHOTOGRAPH  
BY  
BARRY  
WARNER



There's a light to suit every life from a glow-worm nightlight for a child to a chandelier measuring six foot which gives shattering illumination. Lots of the modern illuminations go equally well with ancient or modern furniture—their simplicity matches the smooth blends of lean modern settings pairing with a few beautiful antique pieces. What they don't suit is the sort of room that is loaded with pattern upon pattern of hotly-contesting flower garden prints. Modern lamplighters should investigate Heal's new lighting department (part of their first-rate extension plan) which is a shimmer of exciting shapes and sizes hanging in stunning islands of lights. Most of the best in modern lights can be found here. Antique light hunters will often find a bargain in ships' chandlers like Arthur Beale who sell those swinging dolphin lamps and such, which make such good sense in ships and pretty, old kitchens. A huge, circular modern chandelier like a suffused sun of light shadowing from white to frosted grey can be seen by appointment with Finmar, 26 Kingley Street (Regent 8308) who order them from Venini for around £500 for a six-footer in any shadescope. Admirers of Japanese rice paper lamps, who want a squad of pretty ones for a party, can buy them at Barnum's Carnival Novelties in Hammersmith with space for candles to glimmer inside. Candlelit climates are created by: Victorian brass candle holders for wall candles or one of those alluring mirrors bearing a spill of candleholders that reflect light from the mirror. Whyte's of New Bond Street have huge cascading candelabra collecting nine candles in each (antique, £375 the pair). Lamplighting here: the best of pure functional design (top left) is Tapio Wikkala's Airam bulbs at 12s. 4d. each, plus 4s. 6d. the holders. Good for working rooms, working areas: at Heals. Slatted circle to swirl around looks like a Design Award winning sputnik: £9 18s. from Intercraft Designs. New Prismatic design by Rotaflex gives a good, all-round, searching light. Glare-free, good to look at in several shapes. This drum costs £4 2s. 8d. from Selfridges. Scandia import exciting Swedish lights. A seagull-grey metal dome with a glass base costs £13 2s. 6d. at Oscar Woollens.

# VERDICTS

**PLAYS**

**PAT WALLACE**

**KING LEAR** ROYAL SHAKESPEARE THEATRE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON (PAUL SCOFIELD, IRENE WORTH, BRIAN MURRAY, DIANA RIGG, ALEC McCOWEN)

## A tearless Lear

**King Lear** IS A GIANT AMONG PLAYS AND IN it Lear is a giant among characters. Each time that this part is freshly attempted or newly interpreted marks a very real theatrical occasion, and so it is now at Stratford, with Mr. Paul Scofield bringing his own strength of presence and his own powerful version of the unhappy king to the stage. His Lear is man of dignity, a stalwart, impressive commander of men, broken and agonizing at the last by too many blows of fortune but even in his beautiful rendering of the line—"A foolish, fond old man"—still most recognizably a king.

Even his voice at its most gravelly, even the briefly adopted and, happily, soon discarded broad accents of a countryman do nothing to dispel this image of majesty. In achieving this Mr. Scofield has given us a masterly characterization, and it may be ungenerous to cavil at the fact that this is a noble rather than a moving Lear. Not in the worst adversity is one's heart touched for him; the king remains a dominating figure, his violence, as in the terrible curse of his daughters, a real hazard, and his authority never less than quiescent.

As Goneril, that savage, relentless and quite amoral plotter, Miss Irene Worth gives a performance for which her Lady Macbeth should have prepared us, her slender figure seeming to house a kind of dynamo of force and passion; unrepentant and as near to a wholly evil being as Shakespeare ever conceived. There are nuances of expression which halt her performance on the brink of the melodramatic and at least one instance of a casual manner to emphasize a line of pure cynicism. All this brings one, quite naturally, to Mr. Peter Brook's direction, for which I have only the most enthusiastic praise. He has kept the staging austere, even bleak, with little to distract one from the passion and the poetry. In the first scenes only three objects: one like a suspended, stylized and faintly Japanese easel, one like a huge palette, one like a heavy drawing board, decorate the set. Later, there are two oblique lines of heavy pole fences to suggest exteriors; later still, a single, twisted iron throne-chair. In such a minimal setting there is space for action and fluid movement and room, too, for the imagination to work—one's own



*Earthbound existence for Brenda Bruce, leading (and sole) lady in Samuel Beckett's controversial play Happy Days at the Royal Court Theatre. Unhappy looking gentleman in the foreground is Peter Duguid, who plays the buried lady's husband, and from time to time makes short remarks during the two-hour monologue. Together they comprise the cast*

imagination stimulated by the director's.

Every time one sees this great play one makes fresh discoveries. This time it was the relative values of the parts to the whole, as they are directly concerned with the business of acting. Edgar, for instance, with its sensational change from the uncomplicated, privileged son of Gloucester to poor Tom and back again to fighting champion, must be as rewarding a role for the actor as for the audience and it is no adverse criticism of Mr. Brian Murray's vigorous performance to say that one has rarely seen it badly played. The Fool is a different matter: a part which gains immensely from sensitive and imaginative playing. In this production Mr. Alec McCowen is a touching and lovable fool, stressing his devotion to his king and making one newly aware of his constant, by no means zany efforts to divert his master and keep his mind in balance.

Cordelia, of course, is a relatively short part for its significance. One remembers the Cordelias one has seen and often forgets how small, in terms of lines alone, this part is, for the impact of the character is out of proportion to the length of what might be called stage time. Miss Diana Rigg, remembered for some delightful playing of comedy in terms of a romp, is a grave and cool Cordelia with a new poise and her own way of conveying a deep devotion to her royal father.

But above everything, it is with Lear himself that we are all concerned, the figure which Shakespeare created and which actor and director on one side and a receptive audience on the other, must bring to magical life, even in those moments when "All is cheerless, dark and deadly." This is the great challenge and, in the present staging and playing, I contend that it has been most worthily met.

## FILMS

## ELSPETH GRANT

**THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE** DIRECTOR JOHN FRANKENHEIMER (FRANK SINATRA, LAURENCE HARVEY, JANET LEIGH, ANGELA LANSBURY)  
**MONDO CANE** DIRECTOR GUALTIERO JACOPETTI, PAOLO CAVARA, FRANCO PROSPERI  
**THE AMOROUS PRAWN** DIRECTOR ANTHONY KIMMINS (JOAN GREENWOOD, IAN CARMICHAEL, CECIL PARKER, LIZ FRASER, DENNIS PRICE)

## Now, the walking bomb

IT IS, OF COURSE, UNWISE TO UNDERRATE THE enemy but surely it is equally inadvisable to make propaganda overrating him: this can only give rise to alarm and despondency, to say nothing of mass hysteria. I imagine hordes of Americans are unnecessarily working themselves into a lather at this minute over **The Manchurian Candidate**, which suggests that the Communists possess devilish powers far transcending anything yet dreamt of by the West.

In three days Communist scientists are able to create of Mr. Laurence Harvey (a U.S. sergeant, captured in Korea) a brand new secret weapon—an assassin who, in a state of hypnotic trance, will kill anybody to order and experience no subsequent feelings of guilt or fear. It's all done by an advanced process of brain-washing, laughingly referred to as cerebral dry-cleaning, which nobody can resist—so don't go talking to the Commies, dears: they're so dead crafty, you never know what they'll pull on you.

French dancer Zizi Jeanmaire giving a performance in Boulogne with her famous outsize ostrich-feather "thingummy." Her show Voici Paris inaugurated the travels of two mobile studio vans, called "Intertel," which are touring Europe making records for TV transmission



The preposterous story goes something like this: a U.S. Army patrol headed by Mr. Frank Sinatra and Mr. Harvey is betrayed to the Reds by its Korean interpreter (Mr. Henry Silva) and handed over to a psychiatrist (Mr. Khigh Dheigh), a spellbinder under whose baleful influence Mr. Harvey is made to kill two of his men in the presence of the others. The memory of this ugly incident is erased from the minds of the survivors, who are released by the Reds and return to America believing that Mr. Harvey is a hero: on Mr. Sinatra's recommendation, he is awarded the Congressional Medal of Honour.

This is a source of great satisfaction to his domineering mother (Miss Angela Lansbury) and his Senator stepfather (Mr. James Gregory)—but none to Mr. Sinatra, in whose subconscious something rankles and gives him nightmares. He can't for the life of him understand why he describes Mr. Harvey as "the kindest, warmest, bravest human being I ever met" when he knows, deep down, that he cordially detests the fellow. He rightly concludes that something phoney is going on (I'll say!) and that Mr. Harvey is up to no good.

Mr. Harvey is, in fact, being used by the Reds for their own sinister purposes and (what do you know?) the person entrusted with giving him orders to kill is none other than his hated Mum. He has already bumped off a leading newspaper editor before Mr. Sinatra cottons on to what's wrong with him: at the turn of a card, the Queen of diamonds, Mr. Harvey goes into a trance and will do positively anything he's told.

This interesting discovery gives Mr. Sinatra the idea that he can break the

Communist spell and straighten Mr. Harvey out: armed with a stack of Queens of diamonds he makes a pretty good try, but the Reds' hold on their victim is so strong that he only succeeds in confusing him. On Mum's instructions, Mr. Harvey murders his own wife (luscious Miss Leslie Parrish) and father-in-law (the divine Mr. John McGiver)—and it's not until he's due to assassinate the Presidential candidate at a political convention in Madison Square Garden that something goes click in Mr. Harvey's head and liberates his will. Calmly shifting his aim, he shoots Mum and Stepdad dead—and then kills himself.

There are holes in the plot through which you could drive a coach & four (for instance, how come Mr. Sinatra could identify Mr. Dheigh when, thanks to brain-washing, he had only seen him as—and I know it sounds crazy—an American spinster lecturing on hydrangeas?) but Mr. John Frankenheimer's direction keeps the nonsense moving at such a spanking pace that you probably won't care. I have to admit that the film, though utterly incredible, is really rather exciting.

As a slap in the face to the entire human race, **Mondo Cane** (*A Dog's World*), is undeniably stunning. It is also the most revolting film I have ever seen. Three Italian directors have conspired to demonstrate, with relish, that we are a thoroughly beastly lot. Scenes of hideous cruelty (shark-fishers stuffing poisonous sea-urchins into the maws of live fish, Gurkhas striking the heads off live oxen) are droolingly dwelt upon—degraded humanity (drunks falling about and urinating in Hamburg's Reeperbahn) is held up to derision. Unless you wish to be persuaded that we deserve to be wiped out and the time is now ripe for the atom bomb, I would advise you to avoid this monstrous film at all costs. Happily the censor has made this easy for you: he has refused it a certificate and it can only be shown at cinema clubs. (God help those on whom it is inflicted!)

Commander Anthony Kimmins's play, **The Amorous Prawn**, has been adapted for the screen (and directed) by the author—and makes a jolly, if somewhat old-fashioned, film. Miss Joan Greenwood brings her drawing charm to the part of the general's wife who, during her husband's absence in America, converts his Highland headquarters into a guest house—staffed by military personnel suitably disguised as domestics—and makes a small fortune out of catering for rich American visitors lured to the neighbourhood by the splendid salmon-fishing available.

Mr. Ian Carmichael gives a wonderfully polished and entertaining performance as the corporal who doubles as butler, and Miss Liz Fraser is delicious as the upstairs maid, gathering rosebuds and rocks while she may from the infatuated male guests. Mr. Cecil Parker is at his smoothest as the general who is easily persuaded, on his unexpected return, to join in the profitable conspiracy, and Mr. Dennis Price (in the title role) devastatingly plays the unwelcome visitor—the Secretary of State for War, no less—who has to be blackmailed into keeping his mouth shut about this little matter of exploiting military property for private gain.

Provided you are not a highbrow—a *nouvelle vague* addict, say—I'm pretty sure you'll enjoy this innocent little comedy.

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# BOOKS SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

**RENOIR: MY FATHER** BY JEAN RENOIR (COLLINS, 36s.) **DAYS WITH GALINA ULANOVA** BY ALBERT KAHN (COLLINS, 50s.) **LEADING LADIES** BY BARBARA MARINACCI (REDMAN, 18s.) **ALEXANDRIA QUARTET** BY LAWRENCE DURRELL (FABER, 45s.) **A RING OF BELLS** BY JOHN BETJEMAN (JOHN MURRAY, 15s.) **DRAWN & QUARTERED** BY CHARLES ADDAMS (HAMISH HAMILTON, 25s.) **BOY, GIRL, BOY, GIRL** BY JULES FEIFFER (COLLINS, 12s. 6d.) **CATS IN CLOVER** BY MAY EUSTACE (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 12s. 6d.) **FIREARMS** BY HOWARD RICKETTS (WEIDENFELD & NICOLSON, 27s. 6d.) **HOUSE INTO HOME** BY ELIZABETH KENDALL (DENT, 15s.)

## The climate of love

NO ONE WOULD CLAIM THAT A BOOK WRITTEN about a famous artist by his son was necessarily more truthful or revealing than a biography by a stranger at a greater distance—but what Jean Renoir's **Renoir: My Father** has is a climate of warmth, sunshine and love entirely akin to his father's canvases. Through this enchanting book—more a collection of memories, a slanted autobiography, in fact, than a life of Renoir—the painters of the time and their models pass like friends. Jean Renoir talks with Gabrielle about his early recollections, and doubts whether he can in fact go back as far as six months old; Renoir says that if you plan to be Rubens you should wear a hat in sunshine to protect your colour-sense—it doesn't matter so much for a future Pasteur; Renoir paints the Judgment of Paris, starts with a male model for the shepherd but finishes off with a rota of three girls with whom he simply felt "more at ease." He, who painted love so frankly in every picture, was extremely reticent in expressing it in his own life.

This adorable, profoundly affectionate and humble book triumphs over its trans-

lation, which seems to me unhandy and generally clumsy, following, one would guess, a literal line without thoroughly Englishing the construction of sentences. The book is admirably illustrated with photographs, most of them proving the author's point about his father's pictures having created a new kind of face. Perhaps one of the nicest things about Auguste Renoir's nature must have been the qualities in him that made it possible for Jean Renoir to grow up to be not only—clearly—a person of magic but also a great artist in his own profession. Not all famous parents can so wonderfully avoid eating their children alive.

More books about the famous: **Days with Galina Ulanova**, by Albert Kahn, is a pretty picture-book of text and photographs about the Soviet dancer, made by an American who is still evidently in the first stage of a terrific ballet-infatuation. Since the point of dancers to me seems to be that they move, I have never found photographs very rewarding, but Mr. Kahn's are certainly very taking, especially the ones of Ulanova in Russia as opposed to in a classroom—feeding pigeons, walking between birches.

And **Leading Ladies**, by Barbara Marinacci, is a collection of profiles of actresses from Peg Woffington to Gertrude Lawrence, and for me reinforces my belief that stage people—especially those of the distant past well outside living memory—are among the world's dullest citizens to write about unless you have, say, Mr. Tynan's gift for reconstructing a performance in words.

Briefly . . . Lawrence Durrell's **Alexandria Quartet** has now achieved all-in-one-volume presentation, the only sensible way of buying this gorgeous and highly intoxicating layer-cake. . . . **A Ring of Bells** is a very perplexing anthology of Betjeman "selected for young people" by Irene Slade. I would have guessed that Betjeman was anything but a children's poet, and to judge by the introduction and notes, the young people are judged to be very young indeed. There are notes on "Selfridges: one of the biggest department

stores in London" and "Spadger: the Cockney word for sparrow." I can't sort out the audience-image for this one at all. . . .

By now there is probably a new generation that doesn't know Charles Addams's **Drawn & Quartered**, but I fear that to those who like myself were weaned on those poisonous draughts of blood and rat-bane, the Master is now beginning to look a touch square. The ideas are still fine and the climate as recognizable as everybody's happiest home memory, but his drawing is truly indifferent, to say the least. And the cruel thing is that Feiffer—perhaps because of too much exposure and imitation—is beginning to look square, too. **Boy, Girl, Boy, Girl** is another collection of his sad fables with incidental drawings, and clever and marvellously evocative of the time's diseases as they are, I am by now tired of the formula and cannot look at them clearly. . . .

**Cats in Clover**, by May Eustace, just the thing for Siamese cat fans, is full of memorable sentences such as "I had almost given up hope when I learned from the *Abyssinian News Letter* that Lady Liverpool had sent her red queen, Raby Honey, to Coleswood Christopher in Edinburgh" and "This enchanting little woman (a cat) had had her womanhood taken from her many years before. . . ." **Firearms**, by Howard Ricketts, another in the series called *Pleasures & Treasures*, is prettily lethal and somehow delicate, as is suitable for its subject, and goes all the way from a frightful "portable combined three-barrelled cannon and battle mace" cosily known as *Henry VIII's walking-staff* to a dear little gold-plated revolver in a velvet-lined case . . . and I, who thought it was by now impossible for another how-to-paper-the-pantry book to be written and all of us still maintain our comparative sanity, must make all kinds of exceptions in the case of Elizabeth Kendall's **House into Home**, an enchanting, wildly idiosyncratic book, full of wit, stubbornness and a dash of genuine eccentricity and no possible curtsey in the direction of fashionable crazes.

# RECORDS

## SPIKE HUGHES

**TERESA BERGANZA SINGS SPANISH AND ITALIAN SONGS** THE BARBER OF SEVILLE BY ROSSINI **MELOS ENSEMBLE** PLAY RAVEL, DEBUSSY, ROUSSEL, ROPARTZ

## Teresa the show-stealer

THE SHOW-STEALER ISN'T SO OFTEN encountered in opera as in the cinema or the ordinary theatre—largely, I imagine, because most prima donnas are quite capable of shouting down any threat to their position, wherever it may come from (including the brass section). Nevertheless, just as the experienced actor is afraid to appear in the same film as a child or an animal, so most star singers ought to think twice about singing in the same opera as a Spanish mezzo-soprano; especially if it is Teresa Berganza. If ever there was a show-stealer it is this young lady, whom we first heard of in this country when she sang Cherubino in the Glyndebourne *Figaro* of 1958. Miss Berganza had to ration her

appearances both in this part and as Rossini's *Cenerentola* that year to go off and have a baby. She was succeeded as Cherubino by a singer who also had a baby not long afterwards—a coincidence which Glyndebourne proudly regards as a record of its kind.

As far as English audiences are concerned they have taken Teresa Berganza to their normally frigid bosoms in a way that has not happened since the days of Conchita Supervia. And for exactly the same reason, and the same music: the way she sings Italian opera and Spanish pops. On one side of her **Spanish and Italian Songs** (Decca—mono and stereo) Miss Berganza sings arias by 18th-century Italian composers; on the other, a collection of songs by Granados, Turina and her pianist husband, Felix Lavilla. It is an entirely enchanting record, with all the foreign lyrics put into literal and instructive English on the sleeve, hurray.

One of Teresa Berganza's Glyndebourne predecessors as Cherubino was Giulietta Simionato (Class of 1947), an artist now of international renown who has long asserted her right as a mezzo-soprano to sing some of Rossini's heroines in the key the composer

intended. To have a mezzo-soprano sing Rosina in **The Barber of Seville** (Cetra: three records, mono only) not only makes the opera sound as Rossini wrote it, but brings a refreshingly sophisticated fruitiness to the part which all those perky sopranos somehow don't give it. At least, Giulietta Simionato sounds as if she understood and enjoyed the intrigues she is involved in; so many soprano Rosinas sound as if they were trying to get the afternoon off for a tennis club tea-dance.

There is obviously a profound and intensely boring treatise to be written by somebody on the anthropo-psychological connection between the flute and the harp. All good operatic Mad Scenes feature the two instruments, and it seems as if no French composer could ever conceive a piece of chamber music for one without including the other. The **Melos Ensemble** (L'Oiseau-Lyre: mono and stereo) is an English combo and has produced a most soothing record of Ravel's Septet, Debussy's Flute, Viola and Harp Sonata, and a couple of works by Roussel and Ropartz, that is exquisitely French in its manner and a most encouraging portent for the musical Common Market.

# GALLERIES ROBERT WRIGHT

COMMONWEALTH ART TODAY COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE ART GALLERY

## Kensington congress

WITH THE OPENING BY THE QUEEN THIS MONTH of the new Commonwealth Institute building in Kensington High Street, London acquired its first modern, public art gallery. The occasion, I felt sure, would be one for great jubilation among those who are conscious of the inadequacy and discomfort of such places as the Arts Council Gallery and the Whitechapel Art Gallery, and who deplore the necessity for removing a large part of the permanent collection from the Tate Gallery every time a special exhibition is held there. But in the event it turned out to be just another occasion for being grateful for a small mercy.

The Institute building, which is reminiscent of the Dome of Discovery at the 1951 Festival of Britain Exhibition, is a vast barn of a place with, already, the air of a future white elephant about it. But the art gallery is small (95 ft. by 45 ft.) and only 13 ft. high. It has "a coffered ceiling divided into 144 separate units, each of which supplies natural and artificial light, contains a blackout blind and is capable of individual adjustment to suit the requirements of the exhibit below." And it is "mechanically ventilated with cleaned humidified air."

It is to be used for art exhibitions having a Commonwealth "angle," and for other sorts of exhibitions concerned with aspects

of the Commonwealth. Its inaugural exhibition, *Commonwealth Art Today*, is of 188 paintings and sculptures from 24 countries and is, by its very nature, extremely uneven. To criticize it for this is to miss the whole point of it.

From an aesthetic point of view, it could have been improved by omitting certain countries altogether. But Mr. Eric Newton's brief, as adviser to the Institute, was to show the state of art in the 24 countries. Even so, as a distinguished art critic, he has obviously found it a difficult brief to carry out and has come down rather heavily in favour of aesthetics rather than facts.

It would, for instance, have been reasonable to take as read the condition of art in the United Kingdom. But (and once again I am grateful for the small mercy), this country is represented by a token group of five works—a 9½-ft.-high bronze, "knife-edge" figure by Henry Moore, two paintings by Sutherland, and one painting and a "relief construction" by Victor Pasmore—all specially produced for the show.

It could also be argued that, as we have had so many opportunities to see Australian painting in recent years, and as most of Australia's leading painters are living here, only a token representation was necessary for Australia, thereby making more room for the unknowns of Africa. As it is the Australian section is the richest of all. The 22 pictures by 22 artists, including Arthur and David Boyd, Nolan, Drysdale, Blackman, Tucker and one very talented woman, Jacqueline Hick, make an impressive compendium of the variety of individual contributions to the phenomenon that is Contemporary Australian Art.

The Indian section is impressive, too, and

owes much of its impressiveness to artists living in this country. F. N. Souza (about whose one-man show at Gallery One I wrote last week) is showing a fine, large landscape; Avinash Chandra is represented by a big, colourful example of his unique, yet distinctly national, imagist painting; Tyeb Mehta (he has a one-man show now at the Bear Lane Gallery, Oxford) shows a pleasing figure painting. The innate "Indian-ness" of the work of these three painters, who have been working for years in the West, may be measured by the ease with which their pictures are integrated into the group. There is a homogeneity about the whole section that shows how India's artists, while adventuring into the realms of Western art, remain rooted in their country's age-old traditional art, with its accent on pattern and decoration and imagery.

This may seem to be a statement of the obvious, but the major lesson to be learned from this exhibition is that in many countries traditional art is not so deeply rooted as we imagined. In some countries, the impact of Western art or, more likely, the teaching of art by European artists, has been near-disastrous. Instead of producing a revitalized native art into which Western influences have been absorbed, it has produced a spate of poor imitation Western art.

But there is a bright side even to this. The true, individual artist will undoubtedly survive this phase and weld into a significant new style the old, native art and the essence of the foreign influence. This exhibition gives us the chance to witness the embryonic stage of such a development in the work of a few of the artists who represent Ghana, Nigeria, Sierra Leone and other African countries.

# OPERA

## J. ROGER BAKER

**CINDERELLA** SADLER'S WELLS (PATRICIA KERN, ALEXANDER YOUNG) **THE FLYING DUTCHMAN** SADLER'S WELLS (DAVID WARD, ELIZABETH FRETWELL) **MARIA CALLAS** A.T.V.

## Contrast in styles

IT WOULD BE DIFFICULT TO FIND TWO OPERAS so diverse as Rossini's *Cinderella* and Wagner's *The Flying Dutchman*. One is the culmination of an artificial, highly stylized form and shows Rossini at the height of his comic powers. In the other Wagner, 26 years later, is making the transition from opera to music drama and looks forward to *The Ring* in more ways than the use of a recurring theme. Both operas are now in the repertory at Sadler's Wells and it is a measure of the company's expertise that each is done with a fair degree of success. *Cinderella* is prettily decorated by Carl Toms, and in Patricia Kern there is an ideal interpreter of the title role, sympathetic visually, vocally wide-ranging and confident. Under the baton of Bryan Balkwill the ensembles seemed to take time to get off the ground, but he conducted the overture (one of Rossini's best) crisply enough. Crispness is a quality Douglas Craig's production sometimes lacks, playing too often for a belly laugh when a cerebral one is already provided in the music. This opera is, inci-

dently, an ideal—and seasonable—first opera for a child, or indeed anyone.

Denis Arundell's production of *The Flying Dutchman* is perfectly conceived for this theatre. The approach of the spectral ship and the storm sequences are wholly credible, though an eerie fluctuating light that emanates from the ship reminds me of the Thing that Professor Quatermass found in that pit some time ago. David Ward makes a very human Dutchman and his big voice continues to develop that special Wagnerian tone which helped to make his recent Wotan at Covent Garden so successful. Senta is one of Elizabeth Fretwell's best parts; her voice is entirely suited to the soaring vocal line of Wagner. From the first notes of the Ballad she was secure and radiant in tone. Colin Davis conducted persuasively, giving extra weight to those Verdi-like tunes that Wagner had not at this stage entirely abandoned.

Maria Callas appeared for a brief half an hour on the stage of the Royal Opera House, topping an otherwise mediocre high-class variety show organized by A.T.V. Under the most unprepossessing circumstances she used her familiar powers of association with words and music to present fully-fleshed the sad figure of Elizabeth de Valois in her scene *Tu che la vanità* from Verdi's *Don Carlos*. If the central section, *S'ancor si piange in cielo*, touched a slight insecurity in her higher notes, this was minimized by the blaze of feeling with which the whole scene was conceived. Callas doesn't merely sing, she also produces logical thoughts



Maria Callas, the Greek soprano, whose recent television appearance is noted alongside

that happen to coincide with the music. This is the stuff of opera. Two numbers from *Carmen* revealed a rich and secure lower register that the soprano seems to have been developing over the last year or so. The superb panache with which the reprise in the *Seguidilla* was flung off makes one reiterate Sir David Webster's desire to see her in the part—preferably at Covent Garden.

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## DINING IN

Helen Burke

### Easier done than said

AMONG MY FAVOURITE RECIPES there are some which at first appear pretty formidable but, if the work is taken in easy stages, can be done quite easily, and single-handed, at home. In one of my early manuscript books, there is a recipe copied out from one given to me by the chef of a long-since-departed London restaurant, the Gourmet. This was a very simple restaurant with benches, not upholstered banquettes, around the walls and there you would find chefs on their nights off enjoying the food. Other regular customers included Hilaire Belloc, G. K. Chesterton, a high official of the Foreign Office and a Scottish duke. Incidentally, the *Moules Marinière* in this restaurant arrived at table without any thickening and the mussels were never "jumbos," but the most delicious small ones from across the Channel. The special recipe I mentioned is *DÉLICES DE SOLE GUSTAV*, named after the then manager of the restaurant, and I recently decided that it was far too long since I made the dish.

For 4 people, buy two soles, each weighing 1 lb. The fishmonger will skin and fillet them, but see that you get the bones and skin. The stock in which you will poach the fillets can be made hours before it is required, thus saving unnecessary last-minute work. Wash and place the fish heads, bones and skin in a pan with a little salt, 2 to 3 crushed peppercorns, a sliced onion, several parsley stalks, a small bay leaf and a sprig of thyme. Add ½ pint of water, bring to the boil and simmer for 15 minutes, not more. (Longer simmering brings out a certain bitterness.) Strain the stock and keep until wanted.

Next, get the garnish ready. Have 12 to 16 asparagus tips (canned) or, in the asparagus season, use cooked fresh green spears. Cut a slice off the top of each of 4 smallish firm tomatoes. Scoop out the insides and, after discarding the seeds, chop them. Cook them in a little butter and season them to taste. Return the pulp to the tomato shells and cook for a few minutes. Tap the fillets and fold them. Place them in a buttered shallow pan. Add the hot strained fish stock, a small glass of dry white wine and a slice of lemon. Cover with a piece of buttered greaseproof

paper and poach them for 10 minutes.

Meanwhile, for the sauce, simmer a tablespoon of flour in 1½ oz. of butter without colouring it. Remove and cool. Stir in the drained stock from the fillets. (Leave the paper on them and keep them warm.) Bring the sauce to the boil, then reduce the heat and simmer to cook the flour and reduce the sauce to the consistency of cream. While this is going on, heat the asparagus tips and the tomatoes. Add to the sauce 3 to 4 oz. of white button mushrooms, first quickly washed, dried, sliced and cooked for a minute in a little butter and the merest squeeze of lemon juice. Finally, stir into the sauce an egg yolk beaten with a tablespoon of cream or top milk.

Arrange the fillets in a shallow heat-proof serving dish. Pour the sauce over them and slip the dish under the grill for the surface to become brown-flecked. Garnish with four bundles of asparagus tips with the tomatoes between them. Serve with tiny boiled potatoes. If you want to go to the trouble of cutting out little balls of potato from large ones, par-boiling them and finishing their cooking in butter, by all means do so; but it does add extra work to the operation.

In the manuscript book I referred to, I also found a recipe for SEMOLINA SHORTBREAD BISCUITS, which are well worth making. Sift together 4 oz. fine semolina, 3 oz. self-raising flour and 2 oz. caster sugar on to a kneading board, place 5 oz. of butter (in one piece) on them and gradually work them into it, kneading the mixture into a firm cake. Place it between sheets of greaseproof paper and roll out to ¼ inch thick. Stamp into rounds with a 2- to 2½-inch fancy cutter. Place these on a baking sheet, well apart, and prick each lightly with a fork. Bake for up to 17 minutes at 325 to 350 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 3, but do not let them colour more than barely cream. Put on a wire rack. When cold, sprinkle with caster sugar.

Incidentally, kneading butter and dry ingredients together during cold weather, without something to bind them, or taking the butter straight from the refrigerator, is heavy work so try to have all the ingredients at comfortable room temperature for several hours in advance. The job will then be much easier.

# MOTORING

Dudley Noble

## The R8 for the job

EUROPE'S BABY CARS ARE GROWING UP BECAUSE, as the general standard of living rises, the style and character of the "popular" models has to keep in line. Competition forces the pace and buyers demand more for their money; not only must cars offer better value but they must be seen to do so. Hence there must be greater shoulder and leg room, more comfort all round and, in appearance, a "something" which unmistakably marks a step forward in pride of ownership.

All these things the Renault concern has accomplished in its new "Airewheat" model, which we prosaically call the R8. Don't ask me why it was thus christened; how unromantic, how un-French compared with that word "Dauphine" bestowed upon the graceful little car that will not be superseded, let us hope, for a long time to come.

No matter what we may think of its name, however, the R8 is a workmanlike family saloon with a host of good features. Its rather rectangular body provides the maximum amount of accommodation for a given area, and the space under the engineless bonnet at the front end is well suited to a lot of luggage. There is a great deal to be said for putting the engine in the tail; for one thing the car's floor is flat, and for another the battery is readily accessible. A large number of motorists ignore the poor battery, with the result that it pines away for lack of distilled water to cover the tops of its plates and in due course has its revenge by lying down and dying just when

it is most needed. Incidentally, I would recommend everyone who has a garage with mains current laid on to buy himself a trickle charger, and in the cold nights ahead to couple it up to his battery—it is virtually impossible to overcharge with an equipment of this kind, delivering no more than about one ampere (and costing only a pound or two).

To return to the Renault R8, it has a quite commodious 4-seater body, practically 48 inches wide and offering a full three feet of headroom to the back seat passengers as well as to those at the front. The four-cylinder engine is of 956 c.c. capacity and develops 48 b.h.p. at 5,200 r.p.m., giving the car a top speed of better than 80 m.p.h. Petrol consumption is good, and up to 44 miles can be covered on a gallon if one drives carefully; give-&-take touring returns an average of around 36 m.p.g. There are four speeds in the gearbox, of which the upper three have synchromesh, and the change speed lever is a curved one which sprouts from the centre of the floor. I would have liked the pockets in the dash to be somewhat larger, but there is a deep "trench" behind the rear seats for packages which it would otherwise be difficult to accommodate.

Altogether this latest Renault is a well-planned and sophisticated car with friendly comfort and pleasing road manners. The recent cut in purchase tax, coupled with the firm's decision to forestall reductions in import duty, allows it now to sell on the British market for £671.

Motoring films generally bore me stiff, but not so one I have just seen, made by the Castrol Co. and dealing with driving techniques to avoid skidding when the weather is particularly wintry. Cars are shown being driven in the right and the wrong way, with a running commentary by Ronald Priestley, chief instructor to the British School of Motoring, and formerly in charge of mobile police instruction at the important centre in Essex. Entitled *Sliding into danger*, the film is available free of charge to motoring, road safety organizations and others from the Castrol firm of Marylebone Road, London, N.W.1.

Car ferrying by sea and air continues during the present off season for touring, and every day there is a service from Dover to France and Belgium. British United Air Ferries inform me that they are continuing their long-distance flights through the winter on the basis of three return services a week to Geneva and two each to Basle and Strasbourg. In six months of operation no fewer than 3,517 cars and 9,729 passengers have been carried on these long-range vehicle ferry routes, and next summer the frequency is to be doubled, with up to 35 services in each direction weekly—a great triumph for their Carvair aircraft, which carry up to half a dozen cars on each flight.

*The price of the Humber Super Snipe estate car, illustrated in the 7 November issue of THE TATLER, is now £1,565, following the reduction in purchase tax.*

*Owing to its "boxy" body, the new Renault R8 can carry five people without discomfort, and is the only car in its class to have disc brakes on all wheels. The five-bearing engine has a sealed cooling system. Speed tops 80 m.p.h., and petrol consumption in give-&-take use is 36 m.p.g.*





**Hosp—Cunningham:** Karen Marie, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Victor Hosp, of Losely, Ewhurst, Surrey, was married to Donall Francis, son of Prof. & Mrs. John Cunningham, of Simmonscourt House, Dublin, at St. James's, Spanish Place



**Spicer—Elwes:** Caroline Margaret, daughter of Capt. E. F. Spicer, of Co. Wicklow, Eire, and of Mrs. Hugh Eaton, of Sydney, Australia, was married to Michael Cary, son of Mr. & Mrs. J. C. Elwes, of Church Farm Cottage, East Wittering, Chichester, Sussex, at Bromham Church



**Touche—Reid:** Isabel, daughter, of the late Mr. Donovan Touche, and of Mrs. Touche, of Stane House, Ockley, Surrey, was married to David, son of Mr. & Mrs. Edmund Reid, of The White Cottage, Blackthorn, Bicestor



**Balfour—Holmes à Court:** Alison, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Michael Balfour, of Redington Road, N.W.3, was married to the Hon. Francis Holmes à Court, son of Lord & Lady Heytesbury, of Westover, Heytesbury, Wilts, at Hampstead Church



**Walker—MacLeod:** Dauvergne Campbell, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. R. R. C. Walker, of Nunney Court, Frome, Somerset, was married to John Jersey, son of the late Captain Alan MacLeod and Mrs. John Paton, of Aberdeen, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square



**Craig—Thomas:** Joanna Rosalie, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Ian Craig, of Firzedown, Limpsfield, Surrey, was married to Captain David Leckie Thomas, son of Col. & Mrs. K. F. W. Thomas, of Burley, Hants, at St. Mary the Virgin, Bletchingley, Surrey



**Miss Margaret Ann Gordon to Viscount Strathallan:** She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Robin Gordon, of Pelham Crescent, S.W.7. He is the son of the Earl & Countess of Perth, of Hyde Park Gardens, W.2



**Miss Rosemary Thomas to Surgeon-Lieutenant J. N. Glaisyer:** She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Howard Thomas, of Eaton Place, S.W.1. He is the son of the Rev. E. C. & Mrs. Glaisyer, of The Rectory, Iver Heath, Bucks



**Miss Venetia Quarry to Mr. Frederick Grant Barker:** She is the daughter of Mr. Richard Quarry, of Eversley, Hants, and of Lady Mancroft, of Montagu Square, W.1. He is the son of Major & Mrs. Edgar Barker, of Wanborough, Wilts

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## MAN'S WORLD

David Morton

### The turnaround ties

A NEW TIE IS A TONIC, TO BE TAKEN whenever one feels depressed or the weather is awful or a premium bond number doesn't appear. A new tie, as any aunt knows, is a classic Christmas or birthday present—the only people on record as not being pleased with the gift of a tie are the Burghers of Calais. But then who wants to be seen in hempen fashions? Fashions in ties are changing as much—and as fast—as any other aspect of men's clothes. New widths, new knots, new materials, new patterns appear on the scene with extraordinary regularity. Last year the horizontal stripe was very popular, but now it's considered square by everybody except the shopkeeper who still has large stocks. The square end is very nearly square. Ties have got just about as narrow as they're going to. I can't imagine what material could be made up into a tie that hasn't been used already, but no doubt someone will produce something to surprise me.

As far as knotting ties goes, the Windsor knot is out. In fact, knots are going to the other extreme, especially with the newer collar fittings on shirts. Button-down, pin-through, or tab-fastening collars demand a much smaller, neater knot. But the narrow tie killed the Windsor knot more than any other factor. One thing which surprises me is the number of men who wear a heavy Macclesfield silk tie (which would be perfect if loosely knotted under a stiff collar) with quite the wrong sort of shirt and collar. Equally, the number of men who wear a woollen tie with a stiff collar. The number of made-up bow ties sold appears to be increasing, but I'm quite sure that nobody who reads this column is responsible for that, so let it pass. Lord Boothby continues to be the bow tie wearer *par excellence*—a wonderfully talented knotter, with a deft, carefree touch. The Prime Minister has an individual touch, too, with his evening ties tucked under the collar; these are becoming known in the shops where they are on sale, reasonably enough, as Macmillans.

Obviously it would be impracticable to catalogue every shop that sells ties, so I am confining myself to a fairly recent innovation—the shop

that sells ties and nothing else (if one forgives the occasional excursion into a scarf or handkerchief to match). There are three tieshops in the West End of London, two quite near each other but differing in approach, and one larger shop in New Coventry Street, east of Leicester Square, called Guy Ties.

This shop has the widest range of the three, and the window is a riot of colour. The ties themselves cover a wider variety of material and price, too, starting at 5s. for a braided wool tie. These come in a very good range of colours, some of them pure bright reds and blues. Inside, almost every sort of material is on display in sensible racks, suede and corduroy as well as pure heavy silk, patterned and initialed ties as well as regimental and school stripes.

Princes Arcade off Piccadilly is the home of Michèle, specializing in French and Italian ties. Sixty per cent of them come from the top Paris couturiers who have invaded the tie market in a big way. These ties cost between £3 7s. 6d. and £3 13s. 6d. They are all heavy, pure silk, in a wide range of dark, rich colours and subdued patterns. The remainder of Michèle's stock is either of Italian origin or from French weavers, sold under the Michèle label.

As all the ties are woven in small quantities, and not sold in the immediate vicinity, they remain fairly exclusive. I saw some elegant, extremely narrow evening ties with pointed ends in brocades and shot silks which are not unreasonable at 25s.

In close proximity and, I imagine, competition, are Cyril Castle Ties at 91a Jermyn Street. They have an equally wide choice, including ties by French couturiers but with the addition of the English designers, Hardy Amies and Norman Hartnell. Hartnell has recently added some beautiful patterns to his range of ties, including some effects in the weave that change the pattern subtly in different lights. All the couturier ties are packaged with the elegance that one might expect. Cyril Castle's range is so extensive that many customers go into a coma at the number of ties to choose from, but some make a beeline for one particular tie that fascinates them and buy it inside three minutes.

Information: Swiss National Tourist Office, 458 Strand, London W.C.2, your Travel Agent or Tourist Office for the Valais Sion (Switzerland).

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JANUARY 1963

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Information: Official Tourist Office for Central Switzerland, Lucerne, Murbacherstrasse 3, or Swiss National Tourist Office, 458 Strand, London, W.C.2.



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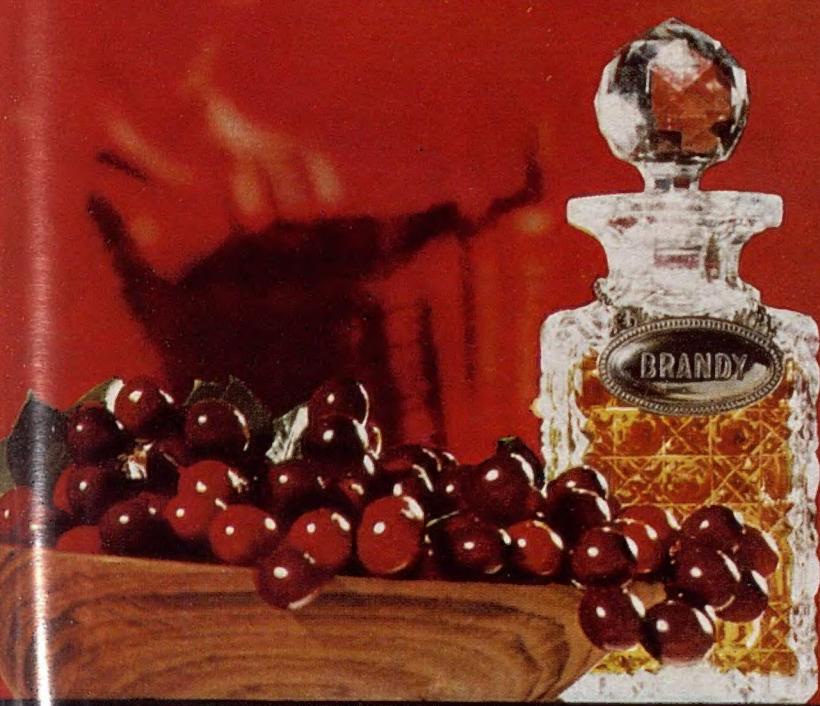
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